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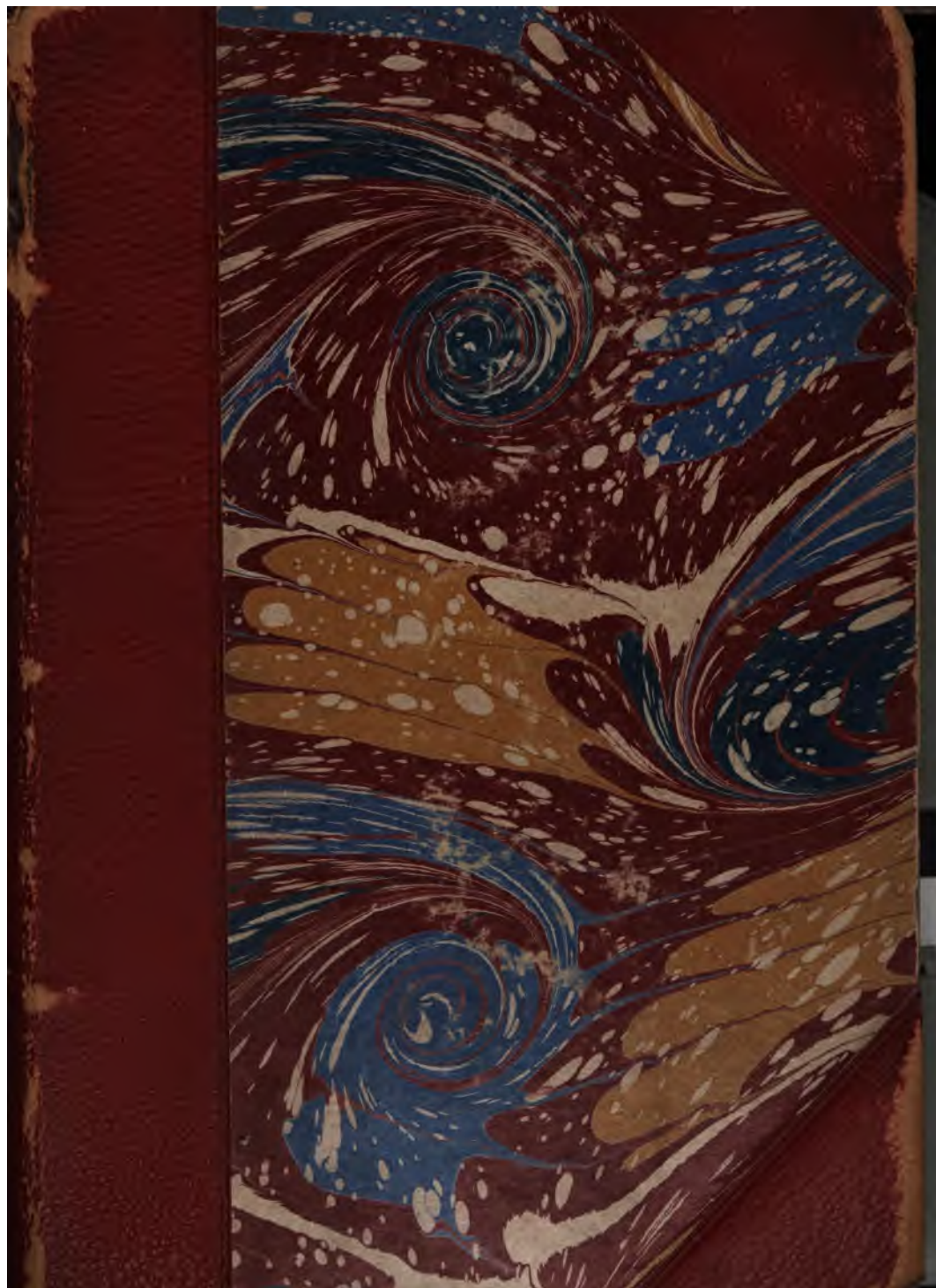
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BIOGRAPHIES

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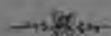
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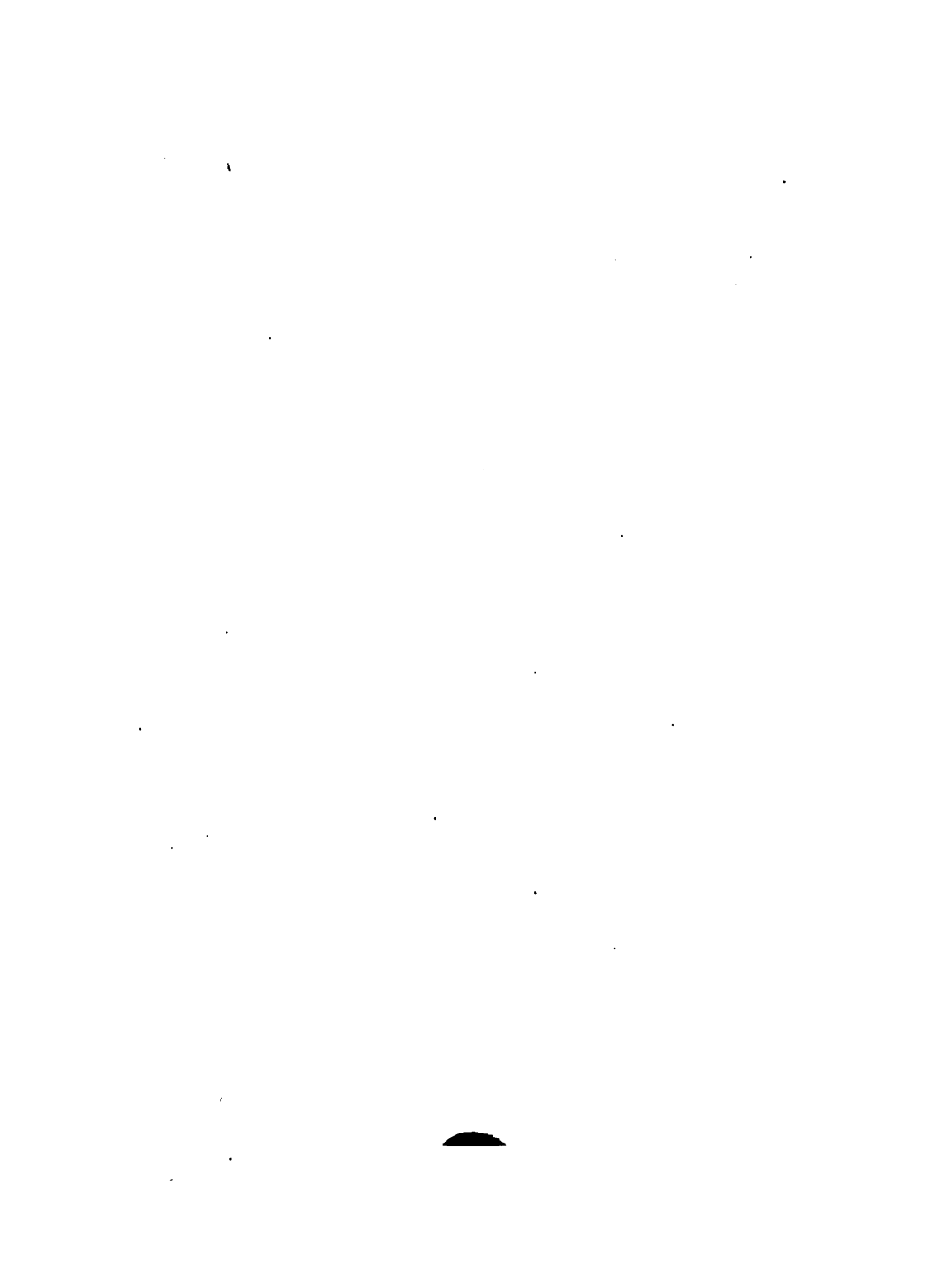
BY THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER,

JULIA DELASTED.

VOLUME II.







Anal. p. 193.

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BIOGRAPHIES

OF

FRANCIS LEWIS

AND

MORGAN LEWIS.

BY THEIR GRANDDAUGHTER,

(Her name is written in cursive)
JULIA DELAFIELD.

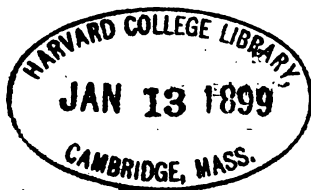
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MORGAN LEWIS.

MORGAN LEWIS.

It is time that my readers should be introduced to my mother. The only child of Gen. Lewis, she was as much like him as a woman can be like one of the other sex. The sympathy between them was perfect. She was his friend, his counsellor, as well as his darling.

When the General made the country his principal home, she escaped, fortunately in her case, the confinement of the school and the restraint of the regular hours imposed by masters. She did not require the mental discipline. The freedom of the woods, the fields, the streams, confirmed the strong constitution that nature had given her. Health brought with it cheerfulness, courage, enterprise. Accompanied

by her maid, a New England girl, she would go into the Beuke Bosch,* build a wigwam, furnish it with tables and seats of stone carpeted with moss; between them they would cut down a sapling, tear the slender trunk into strips, weave them, as they had been taught to do by a squaw, into coarse baskets, and for a few hours lead the life of Robinson Crusoe.

It was a knowing hen who could conceal her nest from the little lady. Dame Partlett could not fly higher than she could climb. In one of her walks with her mother, they stopped at a farmer's house, with whose family Mrs. Lewis maintained a friendly intercourse—these were the days of domestic manufacture; whilst Mrs. Lewis and the hausfrau talked of knitting, spinning, weaving, the child amused herself inspecting the premises; presently she returned in great glee. “See what I have

*Dutch for Beech-wood, pronounced in the country, Buk-a-bush.

found." She opened her apron and displayed a dozen eggs. "Where did you get them?" "The hens were cackling in the barn; one of them flew down from the loft. I knew that their nests were there, so I climbed up and got the eggs." "Bless the little heart," said the hausfrau, "we knew well enough that the hens were laying in the loft, but the ladder was out of the way, and we were afraid to climb up and get the eggs."

Had the little Margaret been the heir instead of the heiress of the house, she could not have managed a horse more fearlessly, or had a firmer seat in the saddle. One manly accomplishment she had missed, probably for want of a companion: she was not a good shot.

Her cousin, Margaret, with her cross-bow, constantly accompanied her father, Chancellor Livingston, when he went out with his gun. He would shake his head, and say: "A fine boy spoiled."

Generally speaking, although the exceptions are numerous, a precocious childhood precedes superior abilities in mature age.

Had Dogberry known Margaret Lewis he would have been more than ever convinced that reading and writing came by fortune, and, in her case, he might have added various other acquisitions usually the reward of patient toil.

Those who have lived with children, and loved them enough to understand them, know that before they have words in which to express their thoughts, they are perplexed with the moral and metaphysical problems which can never be solved in this life.

The Liliputian philosopher made fearless by ignorance, dives into the dark depths of theology and grapples with the mystery of mysteries, the existence of sin and sorrow in a world created by boundless wisdom and governed by infinite love.

A young gentleman asked his mother,

whilst she was tying his apron strings, why God did not kill the devil at once and be done with it?

These inquirers after knowledge under difficulties are easily silenced by our answers, but we must not therefore suppose that they are convinced. A girl of five summers listened attentively to the story of the fall of man. When it was finished she asked, "Why did not God make Adam and Eve so that they would not be naughty?" I know not what explanation she received; whatever it was, she decided, as her elders have often done since, that it did not meet the difficulty. The next thing she said was, "Adam was the first man that God ever made, so we must excuse him."

Sensitive and talented children are often mortified and suffer unjustly from the displeasure of their guardians, because they can not maintain themselves at the intellectual height to which they seem to have

attained. The genius of Monday may on Tuesday, without any fault of his own, be what children of his age generally are, and what, perhaps, it is best that they should be. There is another peculiarity in our organization which for the comfort of the rising generation ought to be generally recognized : it is, that the faculties do not develop simultaneously. A scholar in a round jacket may construe Homer with ease, and yet say with a sigh, " Multiplication is vexation." Put the arithmetic on the shelf and leave it there until the organ for calculation has gained strength, and multiplication will no longer be vexation.

Occasionally a remark will fall from lips as unconscious of knowledge as of guile, which should make us careful not to impose upon their innocence and their ignorance. God has given to young children, as He has to some of the inferior animals, a faculty, often lost as reason matures, by which they form an instinctive knowledge

of character, and they are wonderfully quick at detecting inconsistency. An urchin, five years old, struck his brother with a stick. His mother said to him, "God saw you do that, and He is much displeased. Remember how angry He was with Cain when he struck Abel." After a moment's reflection the child replied, "I believe that God saw me, but He did not see Cain. If He had seen him, He would not have said, 'Where is thy brother Abel?' He would have known."

A very little boy forgot himself so far as to say "Devil." His older brother told him that to say devil was to swear, and that God was angry with him. The culprit attempted no defense—his brother twice his age must know; but after a short pause he said, "God is not angry with me, He knows that I am only a little boy; but He is sorry." Fénelon could not have answered more to the purpose.

Angels may whisper the secrets of heaven to the lambs of the fold.

One result of the imperfect development of children is that they are not casuists—black with them is black, white is white; they ignore the intermediate shades of gray.

Religion was interwoven with the very being of Margaret Lewis; it was part of her inheritance, but at the same time she was a thorough partisan. The Bible was her daily study, but she was also well acquainted with the "Pilgrim's Progress." The character of Mr. Morality she held in unmitigated contempt. She had accepted the doctrine of salvation through faith. Good works were not to be rejected, but they were suspicious. She told me that she remembered having said of a gentleman who had lost her good graces, that "he was nothing but a nasty moral man."

It was not long before this part of her creed brought with it some perplexity. How could she doubt the propriety of

good works, when those she loved so dearly appeared to live only to perform them. She found, as older theologians have done, that to disentangle the skein was beyond her skill ; her part was to love and trust.

Mrs. Lewis met with a Creole lady who had escaped penniless from St. Domingo ; it was desirable that her daughter should learn French ; it was certainly desirable that the refugee should have a home. She was therefore engaged to pass the summer at Staatsburgh, and give French lessons to the little Margaret. The governess had not precisely the qualities that we now demand in an instructress. Mrs. Lewis inquired what had become of the last pages of the folio French dictionary. Madame replied that she had torn them out for papillotes ; they were not of much use, few words began with x, y, z.

Nevertheless, her pupil was fond of her, and did learn to read French. After

she had translated a fable in prose, her father gave interest to the exercise by making a translation of the same fable in doggerel, which he wrote with facility. When the French books in the house had been read and re-read, Margaret asked for something else.

The General knew little of the language. He gave an order to a bookseller to send him a collection of the best French classics. The man sent him some that had probably been a long time on his shelves and required airing. Régnal's ponderous History of the East Indies, Rousseau's *Émile*, Crébillon's novels, etc. A more inappropriate choice for a young girl's library could scarcely have been made.

Before Francis Depau had established a line of packets between New York and Havre, the difficulty of procuring foreign books was so great as to be an obstacle to the study of modern languages. In the present state of civilization, if you have

patience, and make a judicious use of means, there are not many material things absolutely out of your reach.

A few years ago, I gave a bookseller an order for a work which he was to import if it were not to be found in New York. After a reasonable time I went to inquire why my order had not been attended to. The bookseller told me that there was a copy of the work in New York, but its owner would not part with it, and that it was out of print in Hamburg; that he had directed his correspondent there to have it advertised for in the towns of the interior, and he was confident that the advertisement would be answered by some one, who would gladly exchange the useless volumes on his shelves for a few more thalers in his purse. Not many weeks afterward I had the satisfaction of finding the books on my library table.

The General himself directed his daughter's English education, but he had not

much experience in what he undertook, and occupied as he was by public business, his lessons were irregular, and not always conducted with a due regard to the age of his pupil.

His horse at the door, his foot in the stirrup, he would say: "Margaret, what are you going to do whilst I am gone?" "I do not know, papa." "Then commit to memory Pope's 'Essay on Man.'" The "Lady of the Lake" would have been more appropriate to her time of life than this skeptical poem, but Scott had not written then.

Perhaps there may be at this moment in New York some old families the walls of whose parlors are decorated by water-colored landscapes painted by their grandmothers, under the direction of Robinson, who eighty years ago was at the head of his branch of the art in New York. My mother was for a short time one of his

pupils. She profited so well, that late in life she could draw and color flowers from nature. This accomplishment was often a pleasant relief from the cares of the nursery and the school-room.

Mrs. Lewis read well, particularly comedy. Gen. Armstrong possessed the same accomplishment. My mother had heard him read Shakespeare and had been much struck by the effect he produced. She was quite prepared to appreciate the talent of an actress who gave public readings at this period in New York, and she determined that she would acquire this charming art. Nature had given her a correct ear, a full, clear voice, so that in her case to resolve was to succeed. Milton, the Bible, the prayer of the church she read with wonderful effect. One of our ablest orators said to me: "I wish I had the opportunity of reading the adjuration in the Litany, I would draw tears."

It is too often repeated as a school-boy repeats an imperfectly learned lesson of which he is heartily tired.

He who knows how to adapt the intonations of his voice to the spirit of his words is, for the time being, the master of his audience. It is surprising that a talent which is to the verse of the poet what Pygmalion was to the marble nymph, should scarcely be recognized as an art, and is certainly nowhere cultivated as it might and ought to be.

I have mentioned all the advantages that Margaret Lewis ever derived from lessons and masters. What did they amount to? Nothing that accounts for the character and abilities for which she was remarkable. She was trained, as Mrs. Barbauld has expressed it in her beautiful essay, by the education of circumstances, by the society in which she lived, by the spirit of the heroic age which had not passed away at her birth.

Without brother or sister, the childhood of Margaret Lewis would have passed in solitude had it not been for her intimacy with her cousins, the two daughters of Chancellor Livingston. A visit to them was the event of the season. I have heard her say that when she turned from the post road into the long avenue that led through the Clermont woods to the house, her impulse always was to jump out and run, the horses did not go fast enough to satisfy her impatience.

Staatsburgh was only twenty miles from Clermont, a distance now passed by rail in less than an hour, at that time a day's journey for ladies in their own equipage. The travelers took an early breakfast, provided themselves with a lunch-basket, or stopped to dine on the road. The horses that dragged the family coach over the long clay hills, that pulled the right wheel out of a gully on one side that the left might plunge into the depths of a

•

hole on the other side, were allowed to rest at least twenty-four hours before they were considered able to renew their exertions. The visit lasted from three days to a week. The first half of the time was unalloyed happiness; after that tears began to flow because the hour of parting was approaching.

General Lewis, although he lived in the country, often passed some months of the year either in Albany or New York. When his daughter, from a little girl, became a young girl, he established himself in winter in a large double house which he owned in Maiden Lane, then a fashionable quarter of the town. The property is still in his family, but the mansion long since disappeared to make way for three wholesale stores.

After the war of the Revolution, Margaret Beekman again took possession of her house in Queen now Pearl Street. Her sons, Chancellor Livingston, John R.

Livingston, and Edward Livingston, also resided in New York in the winter. The latter had married Mary, one of the three daughters of Charles McEvers, whose name we constantly find on the list of the gentlemen who formed our committees of safety. Eliza, the youngest daughter, was the second wife of John R. Livingston—his first wife was Miss Sheafe, sister of the English General Sheafe. Nancy, the other sister, married Judge William P. Van Ness, well known as a politician and a man of talent to the students of the history of the State of New York, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was to these ladies that Edward Livingston addressed the following lines that he wrote on a fly-leaf of Longinus on the sublime and beautiful :

“ Longinus, give thy lessons o’er,
We do not need thy rules,
Let pedants o’er thy pages pore,
Or give them to the schools.

“ The perfect beauty that you seek
In Anna’s verse I find,

It glows on fair Eliza's cheek,
'And dwells in Mary's mind.'

Mary was the mother of Julia and of Lewis, of whom I have already spoken. At her death the little girl was immediately received into the family of her Aunt Eliza, where she was the acknowledged favorite.

Just before Mrs. John R. Livingston breathed her last, she said to Edward, pointing to his daughter: "Edward, I am not afraid to meet that child's mother in Paradise."

I relate this anecdote in the hope that some mother, whose heart is breaking with the certainty that her darlings will soon be left orphans, may cast her eyes over the page and take comfort.

It was the habit of the children of Margaret Beekman and their families, to pass with her every evening not otherwise engaged. Her near relations often followed their example. The members of the bar

at that day, rich in men of talent—gentlemen on their promotion, foreigners of distinction—were not backward in seeking admission to a salon where they were received with hospitality without ostentation, where they found society that could be enjoyed without the sacrifice of time, health, or duty.

One evening when the company was more numerous than usual, a young Frenchman drew a paper from his pocket, and begged permission to read a eulogy, which he had composed upon George Washington, the father of his country. He began: "Most venerable Martha, sincerely do we sympathize with you upon the loss of the one-half of you." He continued for some time in the same strain. Many of the audience drew their handkerchiefs from their pockets and covered their faces, no doubt to conceal their tears. The author went away satisfied. Margaret Lewis (my mother) and Eliza McEvers

(Mrs. John R. Livingston) were the beauties of the drawing-room, but no one was more attractive than Margaret (afterward Mrs. Robert L. Livingston), the youngest daughter of Chancellor Livingston. She was handsome, but her fascinations consisted far more in grace and expression than in symmetry of feature. Kotzbue, the German dramatic poet, saw her in Paris with her father, whom she had accompanied on his mission to France. He spoke of her in his memoirs, which he published afterward, as the youngest sister of the modest Venus. Her manner united high polish with perfect simplicity. The zone of Venus can give its possessor no greater charm.

The gifted and ill-fated Theodosia, the only child of Colonel Burr, must not be forgotten in my account of the young people who assembled in the salon of Margaret Beekman. Her father early discovered her talents, and educated her as he would

have done had she been his son. She commenced her studies in the depths of winter, before the day dawned. She was, perhaps, the only girl in America who, at that time, was a classical scholar. My grandfather said that it was a pleasure to hear her read the *Odyssey* in Greek. Gentle and unassuming, her friends were much attached to her. I have seldom seen my mother more overcome than when she heard that Theodosia had lost her son, whom she was educating herself, and who seemed to be her only source of earthly happiness. Those who were acquainted with the circumstances attending her marriage to Governor Allston, of South Carolina, looked upon her as a modern Iphigenia, a self-immolated victim to the unprincipled ambition of her father, to whom she was devoted. The ship, bound for New York, in which she sailed from Charleston, was never heard of again. The public would not accept the probable

explanation that the vessel had foundered at sea. Years after the event, strange stories were from time to time circulated in relation to her fate. A sailor had stated that the packet had been taken by pirates ; that he had seen Mrs. Allston walk the plank. A gentleman had met and conversed with her in India. She had entreated him not to reveal to any one the secret that she still lived. Mrs. Stowe has made Colonel Burr the hero of one of her delightful stories—for years he has been the favorite and picturesque villain of the American romance of history. The world was not willing that any person or any event connected with him should have a commonplace and prosaic termination.

At nine o'clock, the present hour for a fashionable dinner, the guests of Mrs. Livingston were summoned to a substantial supper, prepared by colored cooks trained in the house. At ten, the hostess secured an hour of quiet reading, by taking leave

of the company, first requesting one of her daughters to preside in her place. After this, a rubber of whist was sometimes played—not that Mrs. Livingston objected to the game, but she never touched cards herself, and her daughters would not encourage in her presence an amusement in which she did not share.

Receptions of this kind improve the manners, the character, and add to the happiness of those who frequent them. As far as I have the means of judging, those given by Margaret Beekman were something like *les petits soupers* that made Paris so delightful before the first French Revolution.

Peter R. Livingston and his brother Maturin were among the most constant of the visitors in Queen Street; the attraction for the latter was his cousin Margaret Lewis. She was just seventeen when he first made his proposals. The General decided that she was too young to bind

herself for life—that she must be allowed at least a year for consideration before he would consent to an engagement. At the end of the year my father renewed his offer and was accepted. They were married at Staatsburgh, on the 29th of May, 1798.

Genealogy is at present exciting some attention. The note below is for the benefit of those who would like to know how the young couple were related, and yet can not submit to the bore of studying the family tree.*

Perhaps some of my readers would like to know what was the costume of a bride at the close of the last century. The wed-

* Maturin Livingston and Margaret Lewis were both descended from John Livingston, the Commissioner. My father, through James, one of his elder children, my mother, through Robert, the youngest child, and first proprietor of the Manor. There were four generations between my father and John Livingston. James: the name of his wife I have not yet ascertained. Robert Livingston, the nephew, married Margareta Schuyler; James Livingston married Maria Kiersted; Robert James Livingston married Susan Smith. There were also four generations between my mother and John Livingston, the

ding dress of Margaret Lewis was an embroidered India muslin; the waist made *à l'enfant*, with short sleeves; the skirt short in front, scant, but not tight, with a long train—the whole, including the train, trimmed with French lace; the hair, waving and curled, was worn at full length.

My mother's hair, a glossy brown on the top, shaded gradually into a bright auburn, as it fell in profusion far below her waist. She was not above the middle height; perfectly well-made, with beautiful feet. Her head, phrenologically, was fine. She had large, brown eyes, delicate features, teeth like two rows of pearls. In complexion she was a light brunette,

Commissioner. Robert Livingston, first proprietor of the Manor, married Alida Van Rensselaer vorn Schuyler; Robert Livingston, of Clermont, married Margaret Howerdon; Judge Robert Livingston married Margaret Beekman; General Lewis married Gertrude Livingston. They were also cousins through Margaret Beekman, granddaughter of Robert Livingston, the nephew, and of Margaretta Schuyler, who were also the great-grandparents of my father.

with a good deal of color. All her life she was the picture of health. She preserved her appearance to the last.

Margaret Beekman was not able to attend the wedding of my mother, her eldest grandchild; she made her what amends she could by writing to her on the occasion. The letter, unfortunately, has been lost.

A few months before her death, an attack of giddiness warned her that the end might be approaching. One of her daughters, Joanna, ran to support her. She raised her eyes, saw her agitation, and said gently and calmly: "Joanna, it must come."

The last day of her life she rose as usual, breakfasted, settled some accounts, walked round her garden, and went to dinner in her usual health and spirits. The meal was half over when she fell back in her chair, struck with apoplexy. She was lifted to a sofa, and expired within a few

hours—a merciful termination to a noble life.

Whilst in full possession of her health, mental and physical, she divided her estate into as many parts as she had children. The heirs were then invited to meet and receive their portions by lot. Her household effects were sold to her children at auction—none but her own family being allowed to bid.

A gentleman who professed to have great experience in life, asserted that there was no instance of a large estate divided without a quarrel. The estate of Margaret Beekman was an instance to the contrary; and I could produce, if called upon, one more exception to the rule.

Margaret Beekman died in the house built by Robert of Clermont, which she had occupied with him in his life-time, and which she herself had rebuilt after it had been destroyed in the war. When her son, Chancellor Livingston, required an estab-

lishment of his own he built in her immediate neighborhood. After his mother's death her home was the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward P. Livingston, and it is now occupied by her grandson.

Eight of Mrs. Livingston's ten children had established themselves during her life within twenty miles of Clermont. The fee of six of these old places is still held by her descendants, and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren have added ten more country places to their number.

Chancellor Livingston had chosen the capital letter H for the form of his house. The projecting wings in front were united by an elevated terrace, on which opened the windows of the dining-room on one side and of the drawing-room on the other, and which was filled with orange, lemon, and myrtle trees, not so common then as at present. A green-house ran the whole length of the house on the south side. In

this green-house the dinner and supper tables were set on great occasions. The tables were so constructed that the largest and most ornamental of the green-house plants rose from their center. Two head-gardeners took charge of the green-house and flower garden. The men servants were negroes. The butler, old and gray-headed, with an enormous bunch of keys at his girdle, I have often met walking slowly through the halls as became his dignity. He looked and behaved as if the charge of the establishment rested upon his shoulders.

On Chancellor Livingston's return from France he brought with him a great addition to his library, a service of plate, Gobelins tapestry,* tables of marble and lava, a

* The tapestry now hangs in the hall of the house which General Montgomery had ordered built on his estate at Rhinebeck, now known as Grasmere. He left it to his wife, who sold it to her sister, Mrs. Peter R. Livingston. It was inherited by my mother, and now belongs to Lewis H. Livingston, one of her sons.

musical clock in the shape of a ruined column, some pictures, particularly a full-length likeness of Henry the Fourth, which was my admiration, and a good deal of ornamental furniture of a style which had not yet found its way to the United States.

Notwithstanding all that I have written in relation to Margaret Beekman, I find that I have not done justice either to her character or the extent of her influence. Whilst the Revolutionary war was raging, as yet with doubtful result, she, in connection with her husband, determined that if the cause of the patriots was lost, they would sell their estates and remove to Switzerland. They would not live in a country where a man was deprived of the exercise of his natural rights. The whole income of Clermont was one year paid into the public treasury. A portion of an estate, I think in the neighborhood of Saratoga, was yearly sold to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer.



Not long before the delegates who assembled at Kingston declared the State of New York independent, a number of the most influential Republicans met at Clermont. That the State should be independent was no longer a question, but there were other points to be considered; for instance, who was to be the first Governor. One gentleman well qualified for the office was all-important in the position he then occupied, and could not be spared. There was a valid objection to every person named, until Mrs. Livingston, who was present at their deliberations, proposed George Clinton. Her suggestion was received with acclamation; "He is the man! Why did not we think of him at once?" Margaret Beekman had the honor of nominating the first Governor of the State of New York, and now the statue of Governor Clinton stands side by side with that of her son, Chancellor Livingston, in the capital of the United States.

At a public dinner given by some benevolent society, or to promote some charitable enterprise—I have forgotten the particulars—the first toast drank was the United States; the second, George Washington; the third, Mrs. Margaret Livingston, the friend of the poor. I have heard this anecdote frequently from her children, and I think that nothing ever gave them more pleasure.

The following incident I relate on the authority of General Lewis:

A Jew, possessed of more than ordinary intelligence and some learning, I know not by what accident, had become acquainted with Mrs. Livingston. He conversed with her upon the extraordinary career of his nation, and upon the grounds of his faith. She explained to him the Christian's interpretation of the prophecies which they both received, and the result was that he became a convert, and was baptized into the Christian Church.

In the two letters addressed by Mrs. Livingston to her friend, Mr. Vanderkemp, she gives unconsciously a lively picture of the manners and even of the conventional morality of the day. They will, I think, be read with interest.

“T. A. VANDERKEMP, ESQ.,

“At His Seat near Kingston.

“SIR,—It is not you who ought to Lament that you are not able to express your sentiments correctly, as your letter is intirely free from every thing which you stile Barbarism. I think you must have been a proficient in the English Language before your arrival in America. But what cant a scientific character accomplish. It is I who ought to blush at the egregious Blunder I made, when I led you into the Mistake which would naturally occur upon reading Jacob instead of John Rutsen as the husband of Cathⁿ Beekman. Such marriages as you had thought took place

upon that representation are never thought to be eligible by people of Charector. Upon a very Baseless foundation do you Sir Build when you do me the honor to wish for a correspondence with one who has at the first outsetting convinced you how unequal I am to convey anything for which such an art can be of utility to a Gentleman who's charector stands so high for Literary accomplishments and I will add from Experience that your candour has led you in a most amiable manner to draw a Vail over the defects of my age and Imbecility. I shall at the same time think myself honored and happy to receive any communications you will be pleased to favor me with as I am certain the advantage will be all on my side, and your goodness will I am confident make every reasonable allowance for me. You wish to know Sir if the Beekmans of N. York and Esopus are of the Same family; they are—both are descendants of William Beek-

man who was Gov^r of South bay now called the State of Delaware, this he held under a commission as I have been informed from Sweden—how long he remained there before his removal to N. Nederland I cant say, by the accounts Lately received from M^r James Beekman I have the family genealogy and find he has mistaken his Great Grandfather as being the Eldest Son. Henry my Grandfather had that place, their arms and name is the same as my fathers; perhaps the mistake may be, that their arms on their coaches are quartered. I do not certainly know that to be the case; the Esopus head of the family I have heard was married to a woman who was by no means an Oeconemist and he was perfectly good natured and suffered his patrimony to be wasted and poverty came with great strides upon him, so much so, that some of his Blood maintained him till he died.—What usefull Lessons do such examples yield. I admire and ap-

plaud your prudence Sir in the management of your affairs for its a most certain truth that without CEconomy the revenue of a prince may be dissapated. I inclose what Mr Beekman has sent ; you will observe some mistakes in my family Branch which is rectified in what I have had the honor to send for your perusal. Is the subject of Genealogy often the Source of pride and Ostentation alass why should it be so, when we are led to reflect on the instability of all human affairs we must adopt the words of Mr pope in his fine lines on Mr A. Stonehouse :

“ ‘how lov’d, how value’d once avails thee not,
to whom related or by whom begot ;
a heap of Dust alone remains of thee,
’tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.’

“ It is true, none who possess family dispise it, neither ought we to do it ; but to look upon as a particular favor to have derived our being from men and women fearing God and respected in their day for

virtue and Goodness—Many promises are in the Sacred Book for the children of believers—but then they must pray, that they may be followers of those who through faith and patience Inherit the promisses. This S^r will prove an antidote to the poison of y^e pride of ancesstory, and keep those humble that they bring no blot upon their house by their conduct.

“ Mr. Cockburn has promised me to let you have 2 Bush Barly, but says he does not know how to get it to Kingston, he has also some young Negro Boys which he will sell, but not so old as your Letter mentions you wish to have—I have one about 27 years, a complete Coachman, a very fine Waiter, has attended 20 people with great ease and Quickness at table ; is sober, but has taken an insuperable dislike to the Country, has run away, and is now a Gentleman at large in N. Y., and does just as he pleases ; him I could not recommend, and I have none I can spare,

as I have given them away as soon as they grow usefull to my children. I have not had it in my power to ingage a person who could be properly recommended for you, altho' I have sent Quite to Beekmantown but was informed that the season was past as everybody was engaged for the summer. I shall give Brink the ferryman a pint of Siberian Barly, part of a very small Quantity I raised here last summer, and a few grains of very white Wheat which I received last Jan^y from Maryland. I planted some in pots in the house about the 20 of Jan^y, and have now transplanted it into a bed in my Garden. I could only procure a Tea cup full of the wheat, of these S^r you can make a trial; please S^r to make my best respects acceptable to M^{rs}. Vanderkemp, and give me leave to have the honor of assuring you both that I shall esteem it a very pleasing event to see you here in the course of this Spring or Summer;—by the many inter-

ruptions I have met with while writing,
I fear you will find some difficulties.

“I am with great Respect S^r

“Your most Ob^t and Hum^{ble} Ser^t

“MARGARET LIVINGSTON.”

“CLERMONT, 17 *April*, 1790.

“I send to be divided between the Dom^e
and M^{rs} Vanderkemp some fine mellons
presented by the Spanish Amb^r and from
Carolina, the seed must be planted Imme-
diately. I shall be obliged by the return
of the family writing any time after it has
been copyed as no haste is required.

“T. A. VANDERKEMP, ESQ.

“NEW YORK, 1 *Feb.*, 1792.

“RESPECTED S^r.—Soon after my arrival
in this City I had the Honor of your kind
remembrance inclosing M^r Winter’s Ge-
nealogy of our family in Holland for which
I am thankful. I observe we are almost

as numerous there as we are here—agreeably to your request I sent it to M^r James Beekman who returned it after some time. I shall keep it for a safe opportunity to return it to your hands. I am greatly affected at your Misfortune in meeting with a Character of such open Duplicity as under the Mask and Sacred name of Friendship to do you so great an injury as you mention, who the person is I know not nor wish to know. I have been favored with a visit from M^r and M^{rs} Mapa and M^r Van Poleme with Miss Van Berkel; we spent part of an agreeable Evening together. M^{rs} Vanden Huvel is a lively agreeable Lady who is one in all the polite parties in town. This place is all gaiety and festivity, parties every night in the week, fortunes Tumbling in ye Laps of very many people in so rapid a manner as never before has been the case (excepting in the Conquest of Mexico when Montezumas Treasures fell in the hands of a few

Spaniards) and in the flow of great riches Dissipation takes place proportionably—is it not a Query whether riches acquired by frugality and industry which are nurseries for Public Virtues as well as domestic Happyness—or wealth acquired rapidly by speculators and Brokers to the amount of £100,000 etc., etc., which in all probability will expand in Balls, Entertainments, Sumptuous Buildings and superb furniture in which Gameing is carried on in large sums lost and won.

“A Gent. from Philadelphia is sitting by me who relates that M^{rs} Knox took home 400 Dolls she won. Surely these are serious Evils, in a retrospective of all the Great Empires for ages past cannot we Date their rise and progress from public Virtue and patriotism to riper days, when wealth and power flowed in, Luxury and Dissipation with Gigantic Strides overturned all that their Virtuous fathers had done and nothing but anarchy and

ruin followed. These are examples which Americans ought never to lose sight of and to tremble for our Infant Empire ; but I forget to whom I am making Observations which cannot have Escaped y^e notice of y^r well informed mind, but as these reflections dwell upon my mind they will drop from my poor pen especially as I myself upon my family's account am obliged in some measure to conform to custom. I am very much obliged by your friendly Inquiries about M^{rs} Armstrong's health. I bless the Author of all my good that her health is much mended so as to be free from all complaints except those incident to her present situation and those but small—I hope by this y^r Worthy Lady is quite recovered from her cold she had when I was favored with your last which I did not receive till long after M^r Elmen-dorp had left this place. With respect to the Shingles, I have had my Timber so shamefully wasted to the great Detrement of my

Saw Mills that I have for some time past laid it down for a rule not to suffer one Tennent to make any shinggles as they have so grosly abused my lenity. As I well know there are better shinggles and for the same price sold at Katskill than my woods produce it cannot be any material difference to my Esteemed Correspondent. My Best Respects attend on M^{rs} Vanderkemp to whom with yourself my best wishes are tendered. I must release you from so long an Espistole which I fear has tried your patience by assuring

“Respected S^r

“that I am with Resp^{ct}

“Your most Ob^d and hum^{ble} Serv^t

“MARG^t LIVINGSTON.”

In 1804, Colonel Burr and General Lewis were rivals for the office of Governor—the latter was the favorite of the Federal

party, who generally gave him their votes, and he was elected by a large majority.

John Broome, Esq., was at the same time made Lieutenant Governor.

The distinguishing act of the administration of General Lewis was the establishment of a permanent fund for the support of common schools. In his first address to the Legislature we find the following paragraph: "I can not conclude, gentlemen, without calling your attention to a subject which my worthy and highly respected predecessor in office had much at heart, and frequently, I believe, presented, though not perhaps in an official form, to your view, the encouragement of literature. In a government resting on public opinion, and deriving its chief support from the affections of the people, religion and morality can not be too sedulously inculcated. To them science is a handmaid; ignorance the worst of enemies. Literary information should be placed

within the reach of every description of citizens ; and proverty should not be permitted to obstruct the path to the fane of knowledge. Common schools, under the guidance of respectable teachers, should be established in every village, and the indigent educated at the public expense. The higher seminaries also should receive every support and patronage within the means of enlightened legislators ; learning would then flourish, and vice would be more effectually restrained than by volumes of penal statutes."

In a community such as ours the education of the people would, no doubt, have become in time the settled policy of the State ; but we owe a debt of gratitude to General Lewis, that a measure of such vital importance was proposed and carried into effect as soon as the population of the State made it desirable, and its wealth was sufficient to meet the necessary expense.

We had at that time great cause to com-

plain of France as well as of England, and General Lewis saw the necessity of improving our militia system. He would have the Government act upon the well-known principle that the best way to prevent war was to show that you are prepared to meet it. The military experience he had gained in the Révolution peculiarly fitted him for this part of his duty. He personally reviewed and inspected all the militia of the State. He introduced the horse artillery into the service, which in the war of 1812-14 was found of invaluable importance. He also prevailed upon the Legislature to comply with the Fourteenth Article of the Constitution, which directs the establishment of war-like stores in the different counties of the State. The public made him honorable amends for the ridicule with which some of his plans and reforms were received at the time by adopting and fully carrying them out in after years.

In 1804, the first year of the administration of General Lewis, the duel was fought between Hamilton and Burr. The fatal result of their meeting produced an excitement which to this day has not entirely subsided. It was nowhere more felt than in the family of the Clermont Livingstons, to whom Hamilton was related by his marriage with Catherine Schuyler, daughter of Major-General Schuyler.* Burr, whose social attractions were remarkable; was a constant visitor in the house of General Lewis. He and Hamilton were opposed in politics; this circumstance no doubt somewhat biased the judgment of the latter, nevertheless, events as they passed, proved that he was not mistaken when he pronounced his fascinating rival to be utterly unprincipled. One day when Hamilton, in

* Catherine Schuyler and Mrs. Lewis (the latter through her mother, Margaret Beekman) were both great-granddaughters of Robert Livingston, the nephew, and of Margareta Schuyler.

the presence of General Lewis, was expressing in unmeasured terms his contempt of Burr, the General took him aside and begged him to be more cautious and more temperate in his language. What he said would probably come to the ears of Burr, and the consequence might be fatal. Hamilton's answer was, that he had nothing to fear—that Burr was a coward as well as a scoundrel. The General replied that he was much mistaken—that Burr was as brave a man as ever lived.

According to the code of honor received at the day, the duel was inevitable. Hamilton was a sacrifice to the faulty morality of the age.

Burr at first took refuge in Pennsylvania, but he foresaw that in the then state of the public mind the Governor of New York would be compelled to demand his surrender from the Governor of Pennsylvania, who would be under the necessity of order-

ing his arrest. He therefore thought it most prudent to leave the country.

Great interest was felt in a domestic tragedy that occurred about this time. A schoolmaster had adopted the little daughter of his sister. The child was to be his heiress, and he conducted her education upon his own principles. He ordered the child to spell a monosyllable in which there was a silent letter; she obeyed, but in spelling the word left out the silent letter. He whipped her and told her to try again; she made another attempt, with no better success. Such an obstinate temper ought to be broken; whipping followed whipping until late in the day, and still the perverse will remained unsubdued. At night the mother undressed the child and told the uncle that he had been too severe, that the skin of the child's back was broken. He replied, "Wash the stripes with brandy, and they will be well in the morning." She

followed the prescription ; the brandy produced inflammation ; the wounds mortified, and the little sufferer died.

The wretched man, as soon as he found that the child's life was in danger, went for a physician and then attempted to escape. He was pursued, arrested, tried, and condemned to death. A petition, that the death penalty should be changed for that of imprisonment for life, was presented to the Governor. It was signed by persons of great respectability, and by the mother of the child. It was admitted that the criminal not only meant no harm, but conscientiously believed that he was doing his duty. He was stupid, not wicked, and, like many stupid people, he was extremely set in his ways.

It was so long since there had been an execution in the town in which the criminal was to suffer, that many people had never witnessed the spectacle.

The shop-keepers had sold an unprece-

dented quantity of gay prints to the fair sex who wished to appear to advantage on this festive occasion; consequently the Governor's humanity in granting the petition was not generally approved of; it was said to have lost him a good many votes in the district.

We who have lived through the administration of Gen. Grant, and have been told that the liberties of the Republic were threatened by the handful of United States troops that, scattered over the continent, kept the Indians in check, and guarded both our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, might suppose that human absurdity could go no further. We are mistaken—our predecessors were no wiser than ourselves; what is, has been, and will be again. When the term of office of Gen. Lewis drew to a close, the danger apprehended from his reelection was not military despotism—it was family influence, aristocratic combination. Mrs. Lewis was the sister of Chancellor

Livingston. Gen. Armstrong, who succeeded him as Minister to France, had married another sister. Thomas Tillotson, Secretary of State, was the husband of a lady of the same family. Edward Livingston, their brother, was Mayor of New York; Maturin Livingston, son-in-law of the General, was Recorder; Brockholst Livingston was Judge of the Supreme Court; and Smith Thompson, who had allied himself by marriage to the Livingstons, had lately been raised to the same high position.

The gentlemen who held these appointments were admitted to possess both character and talent; it was also admitted that it would be difficult to find men better qualified to fill the offices to which they were appointed, but was not the Livingston family more dangerous for this very reason? It was taken for granted that there would be no rivalry, no clashing of interests to prevent these gentlemen from acting in

concert. They would unite like a band of brothers in their efforts to appropriate to themselves the wealth, the patronage, and the power of the State.

Daniel D. Tompkins, who had no family connections to excite jealousy, but who really was an amiable man and sincere lover of his country, was selected as the candidate of the opposition. The campaign was ably conducted by his partisans. A report circulated at the right moment when there was no time to have it contradicted, that General Lewis had gone over to the Federalists, lost him the election, and Tompkins was the successful candidate.

In 1807 General Lewis was released for a few years from the cares of office. Perhaps, at this period, he was as happy as it is often given for man to be in this life. His health was perfect—he had reached the noon of manhood without having lost one of the advantages of youth. In do-

mestic life every aspiration of his affectionate heart was gratified. He could amuse himself in his own way, and return to his early studies. The carpenter was again at work executing his plans. I once heard him say: "I thought that I had invented this machine, but I have just found it described in the encyclopedia. I suppose that I was aided by my memory." Even his flute would occasionally be taken out of its case and occupy pleasantly an hour in the heat of the day. As to his political rivals, he more than forgave their enmity; he forgot it. His most deadly foe was sure of justice from him, and that given not grudgingly or of necessity, but with full measure, pressed down, overflowing. His temper was quick, his words sometimes hasty, but they had scarcely passed his lips when the excitement was over—like the spark struck from the flint, which, for want of fuel, expires as soon as it appears. No small feeling of jealousy or rancor



ever harbored in his breast. Truth, courage, and disinterestedness formed the foundation of his character.

The General's first wish, when he returned to his Staatsburgh home, was to be of use to the tenants who lived in his neighborhood belonging to the estate of Mrs. Lewis. The German and Dutch settlers were, as it is well-known, singularly consecutive, slow in changing their opinion, slow in adopting novelties; their creed was, that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. Even at that date they were not sure that Burgoyne had surrendered—they said of themselves that they required proof—they were not easily taken in.

General Lewis had a garden-bed carefully prepared for cultivation and invited some of his principal Dutch tenants to pay him a visit and see him try an experiment. After having sown in their presence the bed with grass-seed, he traced in capital

letters, in the middle of the patch, the initials of his own name, and sprinkled the slender furrow with plaster of Paris, before he covered it with the pulverized earth. He then invited the men to return on a given day and see the result. The men smiled and talked to each other in their native *patois*. The General asked one of his own laborers, who had been brought up among them, what they said. The man replied, "Well, if you must know, they said: Can the General be such a damned fool as to suppose he can make the grass grow with that white dust?"

Nevertheless they returned at the time appointed, and when they read the letters M. L. formed distinctly, the tall grass waving over the short herbage below, they began to fear that the General knew a little too much—it seemed to be uncanny.

A New Englander—I have forgotten by what accident, perhaps he had married a Dutch heiress—had found his way into one

of these German or Dutch settlements. His neighbors came in force and requested the General to purchase his lease, they did not like his new-fashioned ways. They were industrious, respectable men, and the landlord granted their request.

The very pertinacity with which they clung to their prejudices was to some extent the result of the character that made them valuable settlers.

The mania for merino sheep belongs to this period. The exportation of the animal was forbidden by the laws of Spain. The adventurer who succeeded in landing some of them on the shores of America disposed of them at fabulous prices. A lamb just weaned would bring \$1,000. As the climate was cold for its tropical nature, it was often dressed in a flannel jacket, and was the pet of the family. If it seemed to droop, it was removed from the sheep-house to a comfortable apartment, placed in a basket lined with wool

in the chimney-corner, and a careful nurse watched and fed it through the night.

The General had soon what was considered a fine flock of sheep. When he required mutton for his table he was always glad to exchange one of his half-breeds for a lamb from the plebeian flock of a neighbor who wished to improve his stock.

John R. Livingston was one of the few gentlemen who escaped the contagion. He asserted that if sheep could be sold for \$1,000 apiece, his countrymen would import them from the very jaws of the infernal regions.

The attempt to make the merino sheep a staple of the country was premature. The English, at that time, did not allow their woolen manufacturers to emigrate, and our mechanics were not skillful enough to make the fine cloth for which the wool of the merino sheep was required. Besides, it was soon discovered that the large common sheep was more profitable for the

market than the small, delicately-made merino.

The greatest object of interest in the early part of this century was the steamboat. The wheels at first were not boxed up, the sides were open, and the monster belching out smoke, its body in flames, defying the wind, defying the tide, seemed to bear down upon you with irresistible power. No one knew better than General Lewis the advantage that the application of steam to navigation would be to the country; besides, he was much attached to his brother-in-law, Chancellor Livingston, and he enjoyed his triumph in the success of an enterprise to which he had for years devoted so much of his time, his talents, and his wealth.

General Lewis loved my father as if he had been his son; not a cloud ever obscured their friendship. It was very hard for him and Mrs. Lewis to be separated from their only child, and he thought it but

right that she should pass the summer months at Staatsburgh. According to him, the summer commenced with the fine weather and lasted until November.

In those days the removal of a family from New York to the country seats of the Livingstons, above the Highlands, was no trifling undertaking. The cabin of a sloop was engaged. The berths were furnished with bedding, provisions were cooked to last for several days, crockery, knives, forks, and such utensils as are required by people unaccustomed to eat with their fingers were provided. It was almost as much trouble as furnishing a small house. This summer arrangement was excellent for the health of the children, and indeed for the immediate happiness of all parties, but it was incompatible with my father's business as a lawyer. After trying it for some years, he found that he could not live in two places and be successful as a professional man. He sold his New York house

in Liberty Street, which he had built for himself, and purchased Ellerslie, an estate on the Hudson, near Rhinebeck.

When my mother found that the country was to be her permanent home, she prepared herself for her new duties—or, rather, for her increase of duties. She engaged a French woman to read French with her to improve her pronunciation. She returned to her youthful studies.

Sixty years ago the country boasted of few academies for boys, and they were bad copies of the English classical school. Boarding-schools for girls were perhaps even more objectionable. West Point now deserves its reputation; but there was a time when the cadets, as one of them was frank enough to admit, graduated in the rule of three.

My mother determined that her daughters, and, as far as practicable, her sons, should be educated at home. In the nursery there was always one baby in the

arms, and another toddling about by the aid of a chair. It is difficult to understand how she contrived to be there whenever she was wanted ; to take care of the baby at night ; and at the same time pass from six to eight hours a day in the school-room. She was always with us when we studied ; and when, as sometimes happened, a governess or a tutor left us before another was provided, she taught us entirely herself.

Skilled labor in those days was not, as a matter of course, to be had—never out of the great cities ; then my mother's accurate eye and steady hand were of incalculable value to her family.

There was scarce an article in the wardrobe of man or woman that she could not make herself or direct another how to make. A girl who had worked under her directions never afterward found it difficult to get employment. Two of her *élèves* were, in time, at the head of fashionable

establishments of their own. Every detail of the management of the estate, as well as of the household, passed through her hands—not from any love of control on her part, or because the heads of the family were unwilling to take their share of the burden, but because she was the center round which everything revolved, and no member of her family was content until her approbation and co-operation had been secured.

The mansion that my father erected upon the Rhinebeck estate was planned by my mother, and commands a beautiful and extensive southern view of the Hudson. The Hon. William Kelly, who afterward owned the place, and whose family reside there at present, did full justice to its advantages and greatly added to its extent. I saw nothing in Europe kept in finer order; and it would be difficult to surpass it in scenery.

We were preparing to leave Staatsburgh

for our new home when General Lewis was taken ill. The attack was short, but severe. Mrs. Lewis then asked : " Where is the use of two establishments ? How can we do without you ? " Ellerslie was sold, wings were added to the Staatsburgh house, and the General passed the rest of his life with his daughter and her family.

My father was the youngest child of Robert James Livingston, who died at the age of forty-seven, leaving his widow but slenderly provided for. Her father, the Hon. William Smith, Judge of the Supreme Court and Member of the Privy Council, was, before the Revolution, one of the richest subjects of the Crown in New York ; but his estate had been so managed by the executors that the heirs never derived any advantage from it.

Mrs. Livingston would not listen to the entreaties of her friends that she would remain with them in New York. She removed to Princeton, where Chancellor

Livingston, General Lewis, and several other members of the family had graduated. There she could live within her income, and give her sons a college education without depriving them of their mother's care and the comforts of their mother's home.

The result proved that she was right. The Alumni of Princeton College, with whom I have been acquainted, have generally written and spoken the English language with great purity, and have been remarkably free from disagreeable peculiarities of accent. The sons of Mrs. Robert Livingston were not exceptions to the rule. Peter was too nervous to write, but he was one of the most impressive speakers in the country. Maturin wrote remarkably well. He studied law, and at the time of his marriage was rising rapidly in his profession. For three years, whilst General Lewis was Governor, he had been Recorder; but when Tompkins was elected

it was not to be expected that the son-in-law of the unsuccessful candidate would be allowed to retain so important an office, and as a matter of course he lost his place.

It has always been a source of regret to me that my father gave up the law. It would have been more for his advantage had he allowed his family to pass the spring and summer at Staatsburgh, and been satisfied himself with visiting them in the August vacation. The truth is, that he was easily made happy, his children were provided for, he wanted nothing for himself, and he stopped short in his career when the highest honors of his profession were within his grasp.

That he might not be altogether without occupation, he established a cloth factory upon a stream that flowed through part of the General's estate. It gave him for several years an object of interest, and added considerably to his income. The failure of a mercantile house to which the

cloth was assigned discouraged him at last, and induced him to give up the undertaking. In 1810 General Lewis re-entered public life. He was elected to the Senate from the Middle District by the largest majority ever given to any candidate in this section.

The surrender of Burgoyne, and afterward of Cornwallis, had left Great Britain essentially without an army in America. They could not recruit their ranks on this continent and at the same time carry on the conflict with republican France. In 1783 the treaty was signed by which our independence was acknowledged. Whether Great-Britain ever intended to observe its stipulations is questionable. She retained possession of military posts avowedly within our boundaries. The Indian tribes were supplied with arms and instigated to make their savage inroads upon our frontier settlements. Our rights as neutrals were disregarded, and finally, in reply to our

remonstrances, we were told that further negotiations were inadmissible.

The patriots had gained their object. The freedom of the United States was secured. The great struggle was over, but it had left the country exhausted. The General Government scarcely deserved the name, and would have been utterly powerless in any other community but ours. The treasury was empty; there was neither public nor private credit.

The thirty years of peace with which we had been favored had been well employed. We had adopted the federal Constitution by which we are still essentially governed. We had refused to pay the disgraceful tribute to Algiers to which the great powers of Europe had so long submitted. We had sent a fleet to the Mediterranean and compelled the Algerines to give up their piracy. We had been surely and steadily subduing the wilderness and advancing in power and civilization. Positive

want was almost unknown, and no country could boast of more domestic happiness or more domestic virtue.

Notwithstanding all that we had accomplished, we knew well that we had neither fleets nor armies to contend with the power of England. Had we had a ray of hope that she would in time have done us justice, we would have waited in patience; but the insults offered to our flag on the ocean, the invasion of the personal rights of our seamen decided the question. We trusted to a righteous cause—to the God who had never forsaken us, and in June, 1812, we declared war against Great Britain.

General Lewis was again summoned to the service of his country by a request from Mr. Madison that he would accept the place of Secretary of War in his Cabinet. After some deliberation the General declined the honor. No one out of his own family ever knew from him that the com-

pliment had been paid him. He said that he wished it to be kept a secret because it lessened the dignity of an office if it was made known that it had been refused.

Madison then nominated him Quartermaster-General of the Armies of the United States, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate, before the General himself had been consulted on the subject. He went to Washington immediately, determined to decline the position in consequence of the law then in force, which made the head of the department responsible for the conduct of his subordinates without giving him the liberty of selecting them.

His objections were considered reasonable ; a new law was made to meet the occasion, and he consented to serve.

I now copy some of the General's letters. They will give a clearer insight into his sentiments and character than can be done by any words of mine :

“ALBANY, THURSDAY, *July*, 1812.

. “I have just returned from hearing Mr. Clews preach a sermon on the war, which, for elegance of composition, has seldom been surpassed; for piety and patriotism, never. His text was from Job: ‘Be afraid of the sword.’ He considered war as the scourge of Heaven for a nation’s sins; that it was often the only means of protecting national right, and securing firm and lasting peace; that when every effort to avert it by negotiation had failed, an appeal to arms for redressing national wrongs becomes a duty; that such a war rendered the character of the soldier honorable; that the constitutional authorities having decided upon it, it became the duty of every man, be his sentiments or politics what they may, to give it a vigorous and manly support, and that those who would not defend the country that gave them birth, and which nurtured them in her

bosom, be her enemies whom they may, could expect to be accepted neither by God or man.

“My pleasure, you may suppose, was heightened by unexpectedly hearing such sentiments from such a quarter.”

“ALBANY, 1st *September*, 1812.

“MY DEAR LOVE:—I thank you for your affectionate letter, and hope that, although you are not fond of scribbling, you will not forget that, immersed as I am in business, the only pleasure I have is to hear that those whom most I love are at ease and happy. A single line, therefore, informing me of the welfare of those I love will always be to me the most grateful and acceptable gift. We do not yet know the true cause of Hull’s disaster. Much, we have reason to believe, is to be ascribed to disease, as we are informed that as far back as the 29th of last month we had but

200 men fit for duty. I fear, however, that the head of the department will not escape censure. Many of the federalists cannot disguise their exultation, though they pretend to be much mortified. I am happy to find that it has produced no dismay either in the army or the country at large; on the contrary, it has evidently had the effect of exciting a spirit of vengeance and a desire to efface the stain.

“Kiss all our dear children for me, and give them my blessing. I cannot say when I will be with you, it will be some time hence.

“Your affectionate

“M. L.”

“ALBANY, 11th October, 1812.

“MY DEAR LOVE:—I gave your invitation to the General and suite, which they accept provided nothing unforeseen prevents, so that you can look out for us on Saturday,

the 17th, the day of Burgoyne's surrender and the succeeding one to my birthday. Have a light on the wharf. I hope we shall be in time for a dance. Enclosed is a note of thanks from the General for his present. The cover I tore off to render it more susceptible of enclosure. I sent some sermons by Mr. Schell and the other articles by the *Paragon*.

"God bless you all, prays

"Your affectionate

"MORGAN LEWIS."

"ALBANY, 22d of October, 1812.

"MY DEAR LOVE:—The enclosed will give you the particulars as far as we possess them of the imprudent, but gallant affair at Lewiston. Your friend Solomon received a wound, immediately upon landing, through the thigh. He advanced, however, with the troops, received a second through the leg, but still advanced, received

a third through the calf of the opposite leg, went on notwithstanding, till he received a violent contusion on the head, supposed from a cannon shot, which brought him to the ground and disabled him. He was carried off and thus saved from being a prisoner. He is, however, doing well, which you will believe when I tell you that he has sent for a new pair of boots.

“ Henry Armstrong, Colonels Christie and Fenwick are slightly wounded and prisoners. Colonels Strangham and Bloom of the militia are also wounded, the former severely, and are prisoners. Capt. Gibson of the light artillery, Neilson of the 6th infantry, and Lieut. Morris of the light artillery (brother of the 1st Lieutenant who was wounded on board the *Constitution*) were killed. Our loss is not ascertained, but is believed to be about four hundred.

“ The works on the heights of Queens-ton were taken by assault, retaken by the

British, again assaulted, and carried by our troops, and the possession maintained for nearly three hours, when they marched out, gave battle to Brock on the plain at the head of five times their number.

“Thus you see we have gained glory, but at a dear rate. The English have asked for a three days’ suspension of hostilities, which has been granted. Gen. Van Rensselaer in consequence of the height of party spirit in his camp has asked leave to retire.

“Your affectionate

· “MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,

“Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

“BURLINGTON, 20 *November*, 1812.

“MY DEAREST LOVE :—Our army crossed the British lines on Monday, at least a considerable detachment of them, the remainder lying on their arms, ready to act according to circumstances. They drove in the enemy’s advanced pickets and burned their guard-house. Few lives

were lost; on our part six wounded, one of whom died. The enemy had almost an equal number killed. Their whole body immediately retreated—laying waste the country as they went—killing the horses, destroying forage, burning the mills of every description, and, in some instances, the dwellings of those of their subjects whom they suspected of disaffection. Finding they were not disposed to fight us, and knowing that we could not follow them to their side of the St. Lawrence, our troops retired and are now going into winter-quarters. General Dearborn is expected here to-morrow; I shall then be able to determine whether it will be necessary for me to remain longer in this quarter or not. I rather think I shall return with him. I have been perfectly well.

“God bless you.

“Your affectionate

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,

“Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

“ALBANY, 10th *December*, 1812.

“I arrived here, my dearest friend, yesterday to dinner, in company with General Dearborn and suite. I need not say how much I was disappointed on entering Mrs. Ludlow's house, to find that you had departed. The cause was an afflicting one, and produced sensations which the exertion of all my philosophy could not bear me up against. I was completely unmanned, and do not believe I could at that moment have looked an English army in the face.*

“What changes! Who, who could command his fate, would not prefer a glorious death in his country's cause?

“My absence from this place has produced an accumulation of business, which will require some days to get through with. As soon as I can dispose of it, I shall en-

* Mrs. Lewis had been summoned to Clermont to see her brother, Chancellor Livingston, who had had a stroke of apoplexy.

Deavor to obtain leave to join you for a little time at Staatsburgh.

“That God may ever bless you and our house, most fervently prays

“Your ever affectionate husband,

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,

“Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

In March, 1813, General Lewis resigned his place as Quartermaster-General and was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

In April he repaired to the Niagara frontier. Scott, Chandler, and Macomb, with their commands, were encamped at the same place, preparatory to a descent upon Fort George. The conduct of the expedition was entrusted to General Lewis. In concert with Commodore Chauncey, he

made every preparation to land the army in safety on the opposite shore. General Dearborn, whose health had been very bad, remained on board a vessel in the stream.

Immediately after the advanced guard had attacked the enemy, General Lewis landed at the head of his division near Fort George. The conflict was severe. The British troops were compelled to retire toward the town of Newark and the fort, where they set fire to their stores and magazines. They then continued their retreat—one body by the river, another by the black swamp road. As the stores were valuable great exertions were made to save them, and the flames were finally arrested by pulling down the neighboring buildings. After a short rest in the village, the Americans went in pursuit of the retreating enemy. They were all but within our grasp, when an order from Dearborn, dated from on board the *Madison*, was received by

General Lewis directing him to halt the troops and take up a defensible position for the night.

Immediately after, General Dearborn on horseback appeared on the ground and assumed the command. The battle had been fought and won. The untimely prudence of the commander-in-chief deprived the country of the fruits of the victory.

The capture of Fort George, which we owe to General Lewis, was the only territory taken from the English during the war.*

In the summer of 1813 General Lewis was appointed to the command of Sackett's Harbor. The morning that he entered the town he observed that preparations were

*Mrs. Lewis, to be nearer the seat of war, passed part of the summer of 1813 in Utica. The letters addressed to her by General Lewis at that place have not been preserved. I am much indebted to the able sketch of the life of General Lewis, prepared by Mr. James Herrick, for the particulars of the campaign.

being made for an execution. He inquired of the officer in attendance if there was any reason why the man about to suffer should not have the benefit of the custom which grants a pardon to those under sentence of death when a port changed its commander.

The officer replied that he knew of no reason for which the criminal should be denied the privilege. A messenger was immediately dispatched with the pardon. He arrived a moment too late—the man was already suspended from the gallows; he was cut down, not dead, but insensible, and he was restored to consciousness. As soon as he was able to speak, he poured forth a volley of execrations against those who had brought him back to life; the suffering was passed—why was he doomed to endure a second time the agonies of death? What was the character of this man? What was his history? He had conquered the first instinct of human nat-

ure, the love of life—was he above or below human nature? Was he a hero or a brute?

Whenever I can, I will allow the General to tell his own story :

“SACKETT’S HARBOUR, *the 9th of August, 1812.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND :—We are lying here on our oars waiting the arrival of the Secretary of War, when it is presumed we shall know the future course of the campaign.

“The fleet has been out now nineteen days—it went up to the head of the lake, where it remains cruising. At York it landed a party and destroyed some public stores. The *Lady of the Lake* arrived here yesterday morning from the fleet, and departed again in the evening with a reinforcement of marines and seamen. The Captain informed us that yesterday our army intended a general attack on the enemy, and that many of our savages had joined, and would be in the action.

“ The British fleet put to sea a few days after ours, cruised about at this end of the lake for some days, and went into port again without going in quest of Chauncey, notwithstanding they mount nineteen guns more than he does, and of heavier metal. Our advantage is in having long guns and braver men ; and I think that if they dare fight they will be beaten.

“ Our health here is improving, owing to the introduction of a strict police which has removed the filth, certainly the cause of the sickness, and prevents its future accumulation.

“ You can form no conception of the abominable nuisances that everywhere assailed us on our arrival. It was difficult to breathe, and you could literally taste the putridity in the atmosphere. Had the weather been warm, pestilence would have been inevitable. We have now a purer atmosphere, and few, if any, cases of disease.

“ Remember me most affectionately to

my dear children. Kiss them for me again
and again. God be with you all.

“ Your affectionate

“ MRS. M. LEWIS,

“ MORGAN LEWIS.

“ Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

I have heard the General speak of the difficulty he had in reforming the filthy habits of the soldiers. They appeared to think that he infringed upon their personal rights when he insisted upon their washing their hands and faces.

“ SACKETT'S HARBOUR, *2d October*, 1813.

“ It is now seventeen days, my dearest love, since I left my home, and in all that time I have not heard from it, directly or indirectly. I am at a loss to know to what this is owing.

“ In forty-eight hours I shall probably leave this place. Wilkinson is on the way with the bulk of the army of Fort George. As soon as he reaches us we shall be off to seek the foe in the regions of the North.

Our force will be very respectable, and I think sufficient for the object.

“When you write to me, direct your letter to Burlington, Vermont; thence to be forwarded, as I think we shall be in possession of Montreal in a fortnight.

“Sir George has been very civil since Perry’s glorious victory. He returned us six soldiers the other day, without exchange, on the ground of their having been shipwrecked on the British shore, and his disinclination to add to their misfortunes. This is very different from his former conduct. He has gone to Montreal.

“My love to all my children. God preserve you all.

“Your affectionate husband,

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,

“Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

“SACKETT’S HARBOUR, *3d October*, 1813.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND, — Contrary to our expectations here we are still, delayed

by the most unrelenting storm I ever witnessed. Our troops who left Fort George on the 27th of September have not yet arrived, although the distance is frequently made in thirty hours and has been performed in less. This is a great drawback to our operations, and I fear will curtail them, to the great dissatisfaction of the country, who look for naught but success, and expect that their armies and navies will control even the elements.

“Wilkinson is very unwell and has been so for a long time. I thank God that I am in perfect health.

“I have received your letters of the 22d ult. and 9th inst. Why is it that when you write to me, you say nothing of the state of things at home which you must suppose I would like to hear about? The state of the buildings, factory, mills, etc. Of the latter, I presume you know not much. Give me what little knowledge you have—a little is better than none.

Has Maturin been to Delaware? I presume he has not.

“Give my love to my children. God bless you all.

“Your affectionate husband,

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,
Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

“MY DEAR CHILD, — I was yesterday made happy by the receipt of your letter of the 6th of January. The account you give of Julia* is melancholy and interesting. So fair a flower cut down in the pride of life is a subject not to be contemplated but with feelings of anguish. All we can say is, Heaven knows what is for the best and only acts for the wisest of purposes. We must be submissive to His will.

“We should have been off from this

* A daughter of Edward Livingston, spoken of in the first volume.

place long since had not the fates been adverse.

“We have been delayed here near a month beyond our calculations by unforeseen events. General Wilkinson, who went to Fort George to bring up the troops from thence, was long confined there by severe indisposition, which has again assailed him at this place. The troops left Fort George the 30th of last month, and have been encountered by such dreadful tempests that they have not yet all arrived.

“Our embarkation commenced from here this day (on which I enter my 60th year), and by to-morrow evening we shall all be afloat. The fleet has gone out to clear the way for us. Our objects are: first, Kingston, next Montreal. The first, I fear, we shall be obliged to relinquish on account of the advanced state of the season. We have already had upwards of two feet of snow in our neighborhood.

The last I think will be an easy conquest, though our final decision will be made when we reach our place of rendezvous, which is Grenadier Island, near the head of the St. Lawrence.

“The enemy has broken up from Fort George, and about 1,200 of his troops have arrived at Kingston, which will oblige us if we attempt that place to make regular approaches, for which, I think, we have not time, and to attempt it now by assault would cost, I think, more than it is worth.

“God bless and preserve you and yours. Remember me most affectionately to your mother; and should Providence, in its dispensation, decree that we shall meet no more in this life, I have the fullest confidence that yours will be devoted to rendering the remainder of her days as tranquil as every affectionate attention on your part can make it. My will, which is in the iron chest, may be destroyed. I have

placed one in the hands of Chief-Justice Kent.

“With the disposition it makes of my estate, I hope you will all be satisfied. Once more I pray God preserve you, your mother, husband, and children.

“Your affectionate father,

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MATURIN LIVINGSTON,
Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

“GRENADIER ISLAND, 25th October, 1813.

“MY DEAR LOVE:—I arrived at this point on Thursday. Ill fortune still persecutes me. The troops embarked from Sackett’s Harbour on the Saturday preceding, the distance only ten miles. A storm which arose in the space of ten minutes without any previous notice, dispersed the ships, and wrecked them in all possible situations. They have suffered much and are not yet all collected. God knows when

we shall set out from hence. If we do not in a few days, we may as well abandon our expedition, for the winter will soon begin here.

“God in His infinite mercy preserve and protect

“Your ever affectionate,

“MORGAN LEWIS.”

“GRENADIER ISLAND, *2d November*, 1813.

“MY DEAREST BEST BELOVED :—I snatch a hasty moment to acknowledge the receipt of the last loving letters. . . .

“After many delays and losses by incessant storms, we have at length succeeded in getting the whole of our army, except the rear guard, safe into the St. Lawrence.

“Wilkinson and myself with the rear guard join them to-morrow, weather permitting. He is very feeble, but he will go with us. Our army is still a fine one, though it has had to encounter innumera-

ble hardships and privations, and, when united to Hampton's, will be sufficient, in my opinion, to place our standard even on the walls of Quebec, were the season not too far advanced. Our enemy is still distracted as to our object—we shall remove his doubts in a fortnight.

“ The prospect before us is an animating one, and with the divine blessing we have an almost certainty of success. Consternation prevails in the ranks of the enemy. He finds he has to contend with a foe, his superior in bravery, his equal in every other requisite of a soldier. I should not be surprised if, after a feeble resistance, he were to retire to Quebec.

“ In the militia he has lost confidence, and all those who were employed at Prescott have been discharged.

“ I hope soon to write to you from Montreal. Keep up your spirits ; hope for the best. Heaven will not suffer a righteous cause to be defeated. I do not believe we

have much to apprehend beyond a few hardships.

“That the choicest blessings of heaven may ever rest upon you and our beloved household, ever prays your faithful and affectionate husband,

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,”

“Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

“FRENCH MILLS, *November the 13th*, 1813.

“At this place, which is situated at the northern boundary of the State and above six miles from the St. Lawrence, terminates, my dearest friend and affectionate wife, our northern campaign for this year. The causes no doubt will be given to the public in due time. An important one is that General Hampton declined uniting his forces with ours, though ordered to do so by General Wilkinson and the Secretary of War. He preferred remaining on Lake

Champlain, and thus deprived us of a large portion of our forces. We found the enemy much stronger than we expected. We had a few skirmishes with him previous to the eighth. On that day Brown was sent forward to attack a force which lay about twenty miles on our front, consisting of nine hundred men. On the tenth he beat them, burnt the Block house, and captured goods to the amount, it is said, of \$30,000. On that evening the enemy made a show on our rear, and retired whenever we advanced upon him. On the 11th he opened upon us a brisk cannonade, which he kept up at intervals from the field-pieces and a number of gun-boats concealed behind a point. As he did us no injury, we supposed he merely intended to retard our movements, and we paid no attention to him. At three, orders were given for an embarkation in twenty minutes. Wilkinson and myself were both ill in our separate boats, unable to move.

Before the twenty minutes were expired, we* were surprised by a smart firing of musketry. Boyd, instead of embarking, had sent out Swartwout's brigade to give them battle. Covington marched to support Swartwout, and Boyd to support the whole.

“A general action took place. The enemy being, as is said and believed, 2,500 strong. While our troops maintained their order, they three times charged and drove the enemy from their position behind fences.

“The impetuosity of Boyd, it is said (but you must not say it), threw our lines into disorder, broke their ranks, and the enemy drove us in turn. Covington's ammunition was exhausted, and our artillery just arrived in the field as our troops gave way.

“The enemy did not choose to try us

* *We* refers to General Lewis and his suite.

again, though his force was at least equal, if not superior, to ours, as we had just sent away many detachments. Our loss is heavy. We have not as yet the whole of the returns.

“General Covington and several other officers fell gloriously. He was a very gallant soldier.

“I have never in my life suffered as much as I have done in this expedition. When on shore, lying under canvas in cold and boisterous weather equal to January on the Hudson ; when on board, confined to a hole three feet high, with a constant dysentery, which sets blackberry jelly and every other remedy at defiance, I several times thought I should bid adieu to you all without the aid of the enemy.

“I am now, thank God, on shore in a house, though not a comfortable one. I am far from well, but in hopes of being re-established shortly by the aid of a milk and vegetable diet. I hope that Arm-

strong will order me to Washington to settle my accounts, that I may have once more an opportunity of embracing you all. Till then and forever, God preserve you all.

“Your affectionate husband,

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,

“Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

The following passage, taken from a Life of General Lewis by James Herring, throws light upon the details of the battle as given by General Lewis, and should be read in connection with it. “On that day, the 10th of November, General Wilkinson gave up the command to General Lewis, who was himself confined to his vessel by indisposition. He (General Lewis) made an effort, and reconnoitered the enemy in the afternoon. At midnight despatched an order to General Boyd commanding on

shore, forthwith to strike his camp and unite with the advance, and a corresponding order to the flotilla.

“The effect of this movement would have been to draw the enemy further from his resources, to entangle his flotilla in the rapids, rendering retreat impossible, and to have the advantage of attacking his columns with an united force, and finally rendering the capture of both morally certain. The officer who communicated the order to General Boyd had not left his presence, when an order was delivered from General Wilkinson, *without the knowledge of, or communication with, the actual commander*, to face about and beat the enemy.”

In the account given by General Lewis, of the disastrous battle of Christler's farm, although writing to his family, he says nothing to lessen the reputation of Wilkinson, who is still Commander-in-Chief. He passes over his very incon-

sistent conduct (I use the gentlest word) to himself.

The indignation he might have felt on his own account was lost in the deeper feeling for the brave men whose lives were thrown away, and in mortification for the failure of the campaign.

“ALBANY, 10th of March, 1814.

“You must not, my dear Gitty, imagine yourself neglected if you do not receive letters from me as frequently as you write. You must naturally suppose my time much occupied unless you can believe that I do not perform my duty.

“I presume that whenever I have written to Maturin he has informed you of it, and be assured that if I were unwell you would not long be in ignorance of it.

“The reports respecting Wilkinson are various. I do not believe that he has been arrested. I presume that he either has been or will be removed from the

command of the army—perhaps much in the same way that Dearborn was.

“We have a story that Harrison has attacked and captured a considerable British force which had occupied Madden. It came from Kingston, Upper Canada, to Sackett’s Harbour, so that it may be true. I will send the books that Julia wishes by Peter* if I can procure them. He made a grand speech last night at a public meeting and acquired much reputation.

“The garden fence must stand till autumn. Let your gardener procure a number of pippin grafts; now is the time for setting them out; it must not be delayed a day. The tree which stands by the road-side within Ackert’s fence, on the farm which was old Schriver’s, is a very good one. I want none but pippins. He

* Peter R. Livingston, my father’s brother—and by his marriage with Joanna, a daughter of Judge Robert Livingston, of Clermont, the General’s brother-in-law.

may cut a few grafts of lady apples if he pleases.

“God bless you all.

“Your affectionate husband,

“MORGAN LEWIS.”

When General Lewis returned from the lines he brought an unexpected addition to the family, the dog of General Brock. The dying soldier had requested that his old servant and his dog should be sent to his family in England. The servant had sailed. I know not by what accident or neglect, the dog had not accompanied him. The General took charge of the animal. We called him Brock after his master. Milo, an old pointer of my father, took the stranger under his protection. One morning Milo showed himself in the breakfast-room. One of my brothers made him welcome by placing a bowl of milk for him on the hearth; the pointer tasted it, left the room, and returned presently, bringing

with him the English stranger. In the meantime the bowl had been removed. When Milo saw that he could not carry his hospitable intention into effect, he drew back with an expression of mortification and disappointment which was truly touching. Landseer ought to have seen it. Brock remained with us for some time; the General finally found a safe opportunity for sending him to England.

In the summer of 1814 General Lewis was in command in New York. He hired a handsome house in the neighborhood of the Battery. I make some extracts from a letter he wrote to Mrs. Lewis, relating principally to her removal to town:

“Bring with you Belinda and Mary,* if they can be spared from Staatsburgh.

* Belinda and Mary were colored women—liberated slaves. Belinda was a little older than my mother, and once nearly drowned her and a litter of kittens by overturning a basket, in which they were all cuddled up together, in a well in the cellar. She was pensioned by my mother until her death. Tobias was the white coachman.

You had better send Tobias by land with your carriage, and come yourself in the steamboat. If the leaders can travel, he may as well bring them here also for sale, unless Maturin wishes to use them. By the by, some arrangement must be made to furnish the family at home with carriage-horses. Perhaps the farm-horses may answer until I can match the gray.

“I called at Bancell’s to endeavor to get a place at his school for Mortimer. He is full, and has twenty applicants on his lists. If Margaret could part with Julia she would be a companion for you. Make with our dear daughter whatever dispositions and arrangements you mutually think best for the happiness of all, and the satisfaction of all and each, and I shall be pleased; but come to me yourself as soon as possible, for I am already tired of the separation.

“God bless you all.

“Your affectionate

“MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,

“MORGAN LEWIS.

“Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co.”

[EXTRACT.]

“WASHINGTON, 3d November.

“ I have borne the fatigue of our journey beyond expectation, and reached this city yesterday noon without accident or indisposition. I have this day had a long interview with the President.

“ I received strong expressions of personal regard, but inferred that the successes of our younger Generals had produced on the public sentiment, as the President believed, a bias in favor of employing none else, not to be resisted, although not subscribed to by the administration. I have taken high ground and shall not quit it.

“ Your most affectionate

“ MORGAN LEWIS.

“ MRS. MORGAN LEWIS,

“ New York.”

The next event of any interest to the public in the life of General Lewis was his attendance upon the court martial of

General Wilkinson. The following letters relate principally to this trial :

“ UTICA, 5th of January, 1815.

“ MY DEAR LOVE :—Incessant storms since my arrival here have confined me, with the exception of a few hours, constantly to the house, of which we have all become heartily sick and tired. We have, in consequence, determined to adjourn the court to meet and hold its session at Troy, six miles above Albany. The latter place would have been preferred but for its extravagance.

“ Stephen* was very sick the day before yesterday, and yesterday morning broke out thick with the measles. Want of accommodation obliges me to keep him in my room, and to be his nurse, so that I have

* Stephen was a manumitted slave, the son of Belinda. He was the General's body-servant during the war. The General had provided for him in his will, but he did not live to enjoy his good fortune.

my hands full. He is, however, doing well. Old Dr. Ball of the army attends him. I shall not leave this place until he is able to travel. You will probably not hear from me again until I write from Troy. My love and blessing to my children. God preserve them and you.

“Your affectionate

“M. L.”

“TROY, *February 2d*, 1815.

“Your letter of the 30th ult. reached me, my best and dearest friend, by the mail of this morning. Since last I wrote to you we have commenced with General Wilkinson’s trial, so that my prospects of a speedy return to my family have vanished. We commenced on the 3d with the examination of General Swartwout, with whom we have been engaged for three days, and are still apparently far from a close. He refuted the charge of intoxica-

tion which it was said he would prove. He, however, appears hostile to Wilkinson.

“The weather has been with us as intensely cold as with you ; everything in my bedroom freezes, and I have been obliged to wrap my head in my flannel gown to preserve my nose and ears from a similar fate. I am, however, in every other respect comfortably situated in an amiable and respectable family of good republicans, where cleanliness, good humour, more gentility than is usual in a country village, and the most accommodating disposition prevails. I have been truly fortunate. I am glad to hear that you have returned to your old room. It is a more comfortable winter bedchamber than the other.

“Captain Cook, who is the bearer of this, takes with him Margaret’s turnpike money.

“I fear for the fate of New Orleans. We were three days ago amused with the

story of our complete success. Since which our accounts are rather unfavorable.

“God grant success to our armies in that quarter, and glory and safety to your brother and nephew. My love to Margaret, Maturin, and the children.

“MORGAN LEWIS.”

“TROY, *February 17th*, 1815.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND:—How is it that near a week has passed since the receipt of the news of that change in our foreign relations which will once more restore me to the bosom of my family without my receiving a line from you on the event? Had it not been for our divisions, I should not have objected to the continuance of war until we had humbled the pride of our haughty antagonist, which I think we should have been able to do, having already convinced the nations of Europe that England is not invincible either by sea or land.

The dissatisfaction of the British ministerial prints at the terms of the treaty is a favorable symptom that we shall not find fault with them. I fancy they will change their tone when they hear of the complete discomfiture of their best troops at New Orleans. It was a glorious termination to the war, and will exalt the Administration. We are getting along rapidly with the trial, and I believe that Wilkinson will enter upon his defence on Monday next. I was, on Tuesday last, at a grand entertainment at Judge Masters, about seventeen miles from here, given to the officers of the army. It consisted of sixty gentlemen and forty ladies, who dined with him, and were entertained with a ball in the evening, all in handsome style. A great part of the company stayed to breakfast the next morning, and I have seldom been at a pleasanter party. The women were generally very handsome, and dressed as well as the ladies of any of our cities. Remember

me affectionately to our grandchildren and
accept the love of your affectionate hus-
band,
MORGAN LEWIS."

"TROY, *6th March*, 1815.

"MY DEAR GITTY :—The court-martial
has adjourned to the 13th. The badness
of the roads has deterred me from taking
advantage of the recess to pay a visit to
Staatsburgh. The ice at this place broke
up last night, and the boats are plying
across the river this morning. I presume
the steamboats will be in operation in a few
days. I have, however, determined not to
quit this place until we have finished our
business. I long to hear how you got
home. I fear you have had some difficulty.
My love to the children.

"Your affectionate

"M. LEWIS."

The conduct of General Lewis in pro-
curing the release of American prisoners

in Canada, as well as his generosity toward his own tenants, has already been written so well and so accurately by Mr. James Herring in his short biography of my grandfather, that I transcribe it. I could not add to his account nor could I improve it:

“A cartel for the exchange of prisoners having been settled between the commanding Generals of the hostile armies, General Lewis opened a correspondence with the Secretary of War, urging him to take measures for bringing from captivity those belonging to the United States. The Secretary stated that the only difficulty was the procuring a sufficient sum in a currency which would be received in Canada in discharge of the debts they had contracted, and providing the necessary means of conveyance from Quebec to the United States. General Lewis promptly engaged to furnish the means for the accomplish-

ment of both objects, and received an unlimited and unrestricted authority to carry his proposition into effect.

“Having, immediately after the unfortunate termination of the affair at Queens-town, sent letters of credit, in favor of some of the officers there captured, upon a gentleman at Montreal, to whom he was well-known, and who without hesitation honored his drafts, he had no doubt of procuring the necessary means for the relief of the liberated prisoners through the same channel. He therefore immediately despatched an infantry officer of the United States army, furnished with the required means, for the performance of that duty. The debts of the prisoners were discharged, a transport chartered for their conveyance, and they were landed in *Boston* early in December. By the Treasury books, it appears the Government credited General Lewis with the sum of \$14,250 advanced by him on the occasion. The

gallant Colonel Worth, in a letter to the editor, speaking of the Quartermaster-General of that day (General Lewis), says : ' At a period when the Treasury was empty and public credit nearly extinguished, his own good name and resources enabled him to minister to public and private relief. American prisoners at Quebec were in a suffering condition ; the British commissary refused bills on our Government, as, through the ordinary commercial channels, it was impossible to negotiate them. The house of M'Gilvany, however, offered to cash any bills drawn on Morgan Lewis in his individual capacity. Thus our countrymen were relieved, and very few of the recipients to this day know the source whence the relief came.'

" We have also been favored with the copy of a letter from another American officer, who, after his release from captivity, had been detained as a hostage from May, 1813. It is dated Beauport, Au-

gust 29th, 1814, and addressed to General Lewis :

“ ‘DEAR GENERAL : — I am obliged to trouble you with another bill of exchange before I depart from this place. I have this day drawn a bill at sight for \$600. This bill is not for my own use, but for the relief of the American officers, late hostages, and still detained prisoners although exchanged. It is proper briefly to state the reason that compels me to use your letter of credit for purposes entirely of a public concern. Urged by the destitute condition of the officers, many of whom were without funds to pay their house-rent, I applied to his excellency, Sir George Prevost, commander of the forces, to negotiate a bill on the Government of the United States. My request was refused, owing to the difficulty experienced in arranging these matters hereafter with the American Government. Recourse was then had to mercantile houses in Quebec

and Montreal--none of which would take a bill on the American Government. But my countrymen have been most opportunely relieved by the generosity of the Hon. Major Muir, who, feeling their embarrassment, has advanced the required sum on your private credit.'

"While in command at Sackett's Harbor, General Lewis advanced a considerable sum of money to Colonel Willcox to enable him to fulfill his engagements to a corps he had raised in Canada, by permission of the American Government, on his own funds, in the collection of which he had experienced a temporary disappointment.

"Nor while he remained at the post was his beneficence confined to his own countrymen. Several British officers who were taken prisoners on the Lake, by Commodore Chauncey, were brought into Sackett's Harbor, destitute of funds and clothing, their baggage having been in

another vessel which escaped. These gentlemen applied to General Lewis for assistance, which was readily granted; to the Baron de Longville (whom the General had known when a boy), on his own personal responsibility, and to Captain Tyeth, for himself and officers, on his draft upon Colonel Edward Baynes, Adjutant-General of the British forces. This draft was forwarded by flag to Kingston, and produced the following return:

“KINGSTON, *July 13th*, 1813.

“I do myself the honor of addressing to your care a letter for Captain Tyeth, of the Eighth, or King's, a prisoner of war at Sackett's Harbor, containing a bill on the American Government, for one thousand dollars, being for cash advanced to Brigadier-General Winchester, by the Commissary-General of the British army, endorsed in favor of Captain Tyeth, which you are requested to cause to be delivered

to that officer, to enable him to pay the pecuniary obligation he is under to your kindness and consideration.' A postscript is added, that 'Sir George Prevost begs to assure General Lewis that any future advances he may in his discretion make to British prisoners, will be immediately repaid on presentment of their draft with his endorsement.'

"At the commencement of the last war the justly lamented General Leavenworth tenanted a farm in a patrimonial estate of General Lewis, in the County of Delaware; and having obtained a Captain's commission, he raised a company in that county and joined the army acting on the Canada frontiers; its great gallantry procured for its able commander a rapid promotion. The regiment itself was all but annihilated; only two or three of its members, at the close of the war, returned to their homes, and those disabled by wounds.

The General, in consequence, sent to his agent the following order :

“ ‘Every tenant who has himself, or whose son, living with and working for his father, has served in the course of the last war, either in the regular army or militia, is to have a year’s rent remitted for every campaign he has so served, either personally or by substitute. A regular discharge during a campaign on account of sickness to be considered as serving a campaign.’

“It being stated to the General shortly after that his tenants who had not served in the army had been unable to improve their farms to advantage, in consequence of the diminution of labor, he sent to his agent the following :

“ ‘Mr. Landon will remit to such tenants as are actually resident on their farms all arrearages of rent accrued during their own residence up to the 1st day of February last. Dated October 2nd, 1816.’

“Mr. Landon, who lived on the estate

and had had the agency of it for more than thirty years, having recently died, the preceding documents have been furnished by his eldest son, who certifies that the aggregate of such remissions amounted to the sum of seven thousand four hundred and two dollars, sixty-three cents."

We have already mentioned that Chancellor Livingston gave to each of his six sisters twenty thousand acres in the great Hardenberg patent. The portion that Mrs. Lewis received commenced at the town of Delhi, extended about twenty-five miles into the interior as far as Margaret's-ville. Eight miles from Delhi, the traveler following the road finds himself on a mountain plain two thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the center of this plain nestles a lake, deep enough to float a man-of-war and swarming with fish.

The little Delaware, which waters a great part of the tract, is partially fed by this mountain reservoir of pure spring water.

General Lewis was attached to this estate. It was about sixty miles west of the Hudson, and almost every summer he visited it on horseback.

The tenants were Scotch, frugal, industrious, and honest. They held their farms by perpetual leases, and it was the General's plan to enable them, as far as possible, to pay their rents, which were very moderate, by employing them in undertakings which would add to the value of their own property.

At one end of the lake, separated from it by a sloping lawn, he had had erected by the mechanics of the estate a well-planned and extremely pretty mansion in the Grecian style of architecture.

In the most convenient locality for the farmers to bring their produce he had also employed them in building mills, etc.

The anti-rent movement belongs to the history of the State. I do not enter upon its causes or its result. The General showed his wisdom and his moderation by the policy he adopted at the crisis, which prevented the excitement from seriously injuring either the estate or the settlers themselves. He valued each farm at a sum which would bring an interest equal to the rent that the tenant was bound to pay by his lease; he then offered to put the fee of the land in their name, receive from them interest instead of rent, and take a mortgage upon the farms for his own security. He promised at the same time that they should redeem the mortgages at their convenience. The most intelligent of the tenants closed with his proposal. My mother, and afterward my brother, Robert James Livingston, who inherited the property, followed the same plan. The latter has kept in his own hands eight hundred acres, including the lake. The Grecian

villa is quadrupled in size; it is a charming summer retreat, and has never been visited by pestilence. The tract is now essentially occupied by prosperous, independent farmers.

In the summer of 1816 my father and mother had taken me with them to Clermont, where we were detained the night; the General was absent, and Mrs. Lewis was left alone at Staatsburgh—a circumstance that rarely happened—with the servants and younger children. A few hours after she had breakfasted, three gentlemen in a traveling carriage drove to the door, sent in a name which the servant could not pronounce, and asked leave to see the place. They walked over the lawn, inspected the vegetable garden, made their way through the woods to the river, examined the hills and the slopes with an interest that mere curiosity could scarcely account for. When Mrs. Lewis saw that they were returning to their carriage she sent to invite them to

enter the house and allow her to offer them some refreshment. The invitation was accepted. The gentleman who was evidently the head of the party was handsome, although no longer young. His manners were mild and unpretending. He spoke very little English, and Mrs. Lewis addressed him in French. A tray was brought in, and after the usual compliments, she asked him if he had been long in the United States. He replied: "I sailed from ——— on the ———." She answered: "That was about the time that Joseph is supposed to have left France." The stranger arose and said in the most courteous manner: "Madam, you have received me with so much kindness that I can not deny myself the pleasure of telling you that I am Joseph. I travel under the assumed name of le Comte de Survilliers." Mrs. Lewis exclaimed: "Is it possible!" Her face was expressive, and the dethroned monarch saw that he was a welcome guest.

A bird in the air, or in plain English, the servant in attendance, carried the news to the lower regions that there was a king in the parlor. Presently a suppressed whispering, a pattering of small feet was distinctly heard not far off, and a group of round-headed little democrats were discovered peering through the half-open door to ascertain from ocular demonstration whether Joseph, like Ahasuerus in the picture-book, had a gold crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand.

Joseph called the children to him, produced from his pocket a handful of rings, put one on each tiny finger, and from that moment all dread of royalty was given to the winds.

When Mrs. Lewis, on our return home, related to us what had passed, she declared that Joseph had thrown off his *incognito* just in time to prevent her from asking him if he had come commissioned

by Charruaud* to make arrangements for our dancing class. Mrs. Lewis had by far too much tact to have risked such a speech, but she knew how to tell a good story.

The next season Joseph stopped again at Staatsburgh. He complimented grand-mamma by asking her to allow him to taste once more the delicious cider which had been served with the *gôûter* (English, lunch) on his first visit. He told us that he intended to settle in the United States, and that he wished to see the country-seats on the Hudson before he decided where to purchase.

We knew already that one of his attend-

* When Chancellor Livingston returned from his mission to France he brought with him Verbec, a French opera dancer, a little *passé* for the stage. Verbec was the father of the art of dancing in the United States. His *élève* and successor, Charruaud, gave lessons to the grandchildren, and in some cases to the great-grandchildren of his first pupils. It was a blow to him when the polka became the fashion. He said to me: "*Madame, la danse est tombée.*"

ants had inquired of our people whether the General could be induced to part with the estate. Perhaps his having received no encouragement put him a little out of humor, for he said, speaking of Staatsburgh, that God had given us a paradise, but that we had done our best to spoil it. We reformed afterward, but it must be confessed that there was a time when the General cared more for his farm than for his pleasure-grounds. I have known him to order a moderate-sized basin cut in the lawn in sight of the piazza, and filled with water, for the accommodation of a pet goose.

For several summers in succession we had a visit from the ex-King. The first time he passed the night with us he arrived late in the afternoon. When the lamps were lit he asked me what I was reading in Italian. I answered that I was reading "Tasso's Jerusalem." He told me to get the book and he would give me

a lesson in pronunciation. He then recited, I following with the book, for perhaps twenty minutes. Suddenly he recollected that this exercise, however agreeable to him, could not be very entertaining to the circle who listened in silence without understanding a word, and he stopped short; turning to the company he said, with a wave of his hand: "*Si ceci vous ennuie vous autres, allez vous coucher.*" They bowed their thanks without taking advantage of the permission.*

He continued reciting without making a mistake until he had finished the first cantos. His voice was sweet and flexible, and Italian, as he pronounced it, deserved

* At that time my sisters and myself were studying Italian with Lorenzo Da Ponte, who had been poet of the Italian opera in Vienna in the reign of Joseph the Second. My father had established him in a farm-house at the foot of the hill on which Staatsburgh is built. He gave us lessons from six to eight before breakfast, and from four to six in the afternoon. Notwithstanding his great age, he was full of fire and genius. I never had a better master.



all that its most enthusiastic admirers can say in its favor.

The next morning breakfast was served as usual; the only addition to the menu was a dish of mutton chops for the Frenchmen, who were supposed to like a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The children, who always took their meals with grandpapa, as soon as they were old enough to eat with propriety, occupied their accustomed seats. Joseph looked around him with a pleased smile; not so his attachés. I was helping myself to a breakfast cake, when one of them said to me, with an inflection of contempt in his voice, which was not lost upon me: "*Il paroît que l'on aime beaucoup ces gateaux ici.*" I answered stoutly, "Oui, Monsieur," and helped myself to the largest to show my independence. We observed for the first time at this breakfast that our guest did not manage the three-pronged steel fork—which up to that date we had used in the family—as if he

were accustomed to it. We took care that he should never again be exposed to the same inconvenience. The introduction of the French fork into the house dates from this visit.

When we rose from the breakfast-table, Joseph expressed a wish to see the farm-buildings, etc. My father left the room to prepare for a hot walk. On his return, the Count had disappeared—no trace of him in the hall, the parlors, or on the piazza. Presently a somewhat monotonous tone resembling the murmur of a boy reciting a lesson proceeded from the study, the windows of which opened upon the piazza. My father followed the sound, and found the ex-King seated next to one of his sons, who, divested of all superfluous clothing, was reading a page of Livy with him.

Some years afterward, when Joseph passed his winters in Philadelphia, he said to one of my aunts: "I have sometimes called upon my friends at their dinner hour

in the hope that they would ask me to stay, but they never did. They invite me to their grand dinners, which I find very tiresome. I want to eat their soup with them."

I believe that what attracted him to Staatsburgh was that he was received and treated as if he belonged to the family.

One warm summer evening, when the windows were all open to admit the air, the drawing-room was invaded by a swarm of the June beetle. Those who have passed a summer on the North River know what a nuisance they sometimes are. They fly into the lights, which they extinguish ; they break their backs against the wall ; they fly into your face ; they respect nothing, besides making a most disagreeable noise.

One of these hard-shelled monsters fell upon the table at which Joseph was sitting. He picked it up, and deliberately held it in the flame of the *bougie* that was burning

next to him. My father, who had never in his life killed any thing but a woodcock, and that he was bound to do, as he was a dead shot, struck the hand of the ex-King, and saved the unconscious beetle from the *auto da fé* that awaited him. Everybody saw that he acted from an impulse which he could not resist, and his insect humanity occasioned no small merriment. Perhaps it was to show that he bore no malice that Joseph, when he found that my father was a sportsman like himself, made him a present of a fowling-piece that he had brought with him in his traveling-carriage. The pockets of the carriage were well furnished with game-bags, powder, papers, books, and all that an idle man requires for his amusement. Several books that he had given me were burned with the old Staatsburgh house.

Joseph was easy to entertain. He liked to talk, and we liked to hear him talk. He

would sometimes begin a sentence with "When I was King of Italy," or "When I was King of Spain." One of his narratives I think I can repeat—at least in part: "When I was King of Spain I wanted to reign as King of Spain for the prosperity and happiness of my kingdom, but that did not at all please my brother, the Emperor. He looked upon the kings he had created as his vassals. He required us at all times and in all places to act in the interest and for the glory of France."

He particularly interested us when he spoke of the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States. He said, that, commissioned by the Emperor, he had made with Chancellor Livingston the treaty by which we obtained possession of that State and of the mouths of the Mississippi. This recollection confirmed some particulars which we had already heard from my uncle. I leave the story to the

future biographer of Chancellor Livingston, and I trust that one will soon be found who can do justice to the subject.

Joseph had had two sons — both of whom died in childhood. At Bordentown I saw their statues, taken much smaller than life, with their arms twined around each other. The eldest of his two daughters had married one of her cousins. She was a noble-looking woman, with the features of her family. The youngest was small and plain. She looked like a Portuguese Jewess. Her father brought her to our house in Leonard Street to introduce her to grandmamma.

Joseph was a little taller and somewhat stouter than the Emperor; in other respects they were so much alike that even the guard could only distinguish them when apart by the color of their eyes — those of Joseph were blue. They had the same square forehead, the same classical mouth, the same gracefully-molded and

dimpled chin, and the hands and feet of both were small and beautifully-shaped. In manner I suspect that they were totally different. Joseph was a fidget. He would rise from his seat, walk backward half a dozen steps—talking and laughing all the time—then he would come forward, resting sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, as if he were balancing himself. There was nothing imposing about him; he was much more like a bon papa than a grand monarch.

The first French revolution, and, afterward, the battle of Waterloo, scattered the princes, the marshals, and the generals of France all over the civilized world. It was a matter of course that those who visited the United States should seek an introduction to General Lewis. One of the most distinguished of our guests at Staatsburgh was Maréchal Gruchy. He was about the middle size, insignificant in his appearance, reserved, cold, and disagree-

ably ugly. He seemed to be unhappy—perhaps he regretted not having brought up his division at the great battle that decided for a time the fate of Europe. Le comte Réal visited us occasionally in New York. He was a man of science, lively and entertaining, with brilliant eyes that seemed to dance in his head. General Lallemant was constantly at our house. He had been aide to Junot (head of the staff of Napoleon and Duke d'Abrantès), and had served with the French army in Syria and in Egypt. The following incident that I had from himself is perhaps characteristic of the war which is now going on in the East:

Two soldiers lagged behind their company; a shot was heard, and one of them returned alone, weeping bitterly. To the question, "Where is your comrade?" he replied: "I have killed him. He had the fever and could not keep up with the march. He said to me, 'Shoot me

through the head; do not leave me to be tortured to death by the Arabs.' We were from the same village. We had always been friends. I could not refuse him."

Lallemand had belonged to the dramatic corps that acted at Malmaison for the amusement of the Emperor, under the direction of Josephine. In the "Marriage de Figaro," he was Dr. Bartholo. It amused me to find in the Memoirs of Madame Junot an account of scenes which I had already heard spoken of by one of the parties interested.

General Bernard, who in time entered our service, was, in my opinion, one of the most prepossessing of the companions of the Emperor. He gave to one of my friends in New York the following curious account of the first rise of his fortunes. Whilst yet a subaltern, unknown to fame, he was with the army then encamped before some fortress, Napoleon himself in command. The day previous to the one on which the

place was to be assaulted, he was sent to the great warrior as the person most fitted to give him some information which he required. He had scarcely left the presence of his chief when he was put under arrest. Imagine his distress; he had not only lost an opportunity of distinguishing himself, but he was disgraced. He was utterly ignorant of his crime. A short time afterward he was ordered to report himself at Paris. There the Emperor sent for him, and solved the mystery by saying: "Bernard, I saw that you were too valuable a man to be exposed to a chance shot, and I had no other way of protecting you from the dangers of the assault than by putting you under arrest."

General Moreau, with his wife and daughter, passed some time in New York. Madame Moreau went a good deal into society. She was an accomplished woman, and is supposed to have had great influence over Moreau, which was not always

judiciously used. Her only child returned half a century later to be present at the marriage ceremony of her son Arthur, Vicomte de Courval, and of Mary Ray, daughter of the late Richard Ray and Mary Boggs, and great-granddaughter of Lieut.-Governor Broome, who held the office of Lieut.-Governor when General Lewis was Governor of the State of New York.

Very soon after the General's return to Staatsburgh he recovered his health, which had been somewhat impaired by his last northern campaign. He could still lay his hand on the top rail of a fence and jump over it; he never wore an overcoat; he never entered a carriage if it were possible to go on horseback. His soft auburn hair was mingled with gray, but it still waved in abundance around his high forehead. His teeth were superb; one of them he broke accidentally. The first time that it ached he took the proper instrument from

its case, went to a looking-glass, fastened it round the troublesome bit of ivory, and drew it himself; the others he carried with him to his grave. Scott's description of James the Fourth of Scotland might have been written for him :

“ The monarch's form was middle size ;
For feat of strength or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair :
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists,
And oh ! he had that merry glance
Which seldom lady's heart resists.”

We were a merry family of young people in those days. I often wonder at the General's patience in allowing his house to be filled as it was, year after year, with tutors, governesses, drawing and dancing-masters—all that the tastes and the wants of a dozen children of all ages made desirable. Carriages and horses of every de-

scription were at our disposal ; perhaps I owe the health which enables me at this moment to write the life of my grandfather to a fleet and beautiful mare which always stood ready in the stable to carry me over the country.

Mrs. Lewis, who loved to entertain company, often made my birthday an excuse for giving an autumnal ball, which brought the whole neighborhood together. She and my mother visited New York twice a year to renew their wardrobes, etc. One summer they returned from their shopping expedition, bringing with them a young Englishman about fourteen years of age. He had arrived in a Liverpool packet, and a kind Providence led him to the boarding-house where the ladies were staying. His manner was gentle, his countenance prepossessing ; he said of himself that he had come to New York, where he knew no one, in the hope that the voyage might be of service to his health, which was very

bad. It was a matter of course that Mrs. Lewis and her daughter should agree in thinking that his best chance for recovery was to go with them up the river, and be taken care of at Staatsburgh. He remained with us several months. Dr. Samuel Bard attended him. Neither nursing or medical skill were of any avail. He died in the early autumn, and Robert Jackson lies buried in the churchyard of St. James' parish, Hyde Park.

My grandfather found among his papers the address of his family, who were immediately written to. With the answer we received his portrait, at that time in the print-shops of London, and a copy of a poem of which he was the author, and which had gained a prize. The lad whose deathbed Mrs. Lewis had watched with a mother's care was already known to fame.

When peace had brought prosperity to the United States and commerce to New York, General Lewis decided that his

grandchildren ought not to live entirely in the country, and for several years he devoted his surplus income to building a double house on two lots that he owned in Leonard Street, near the corner of Church Street. There may be people still living who remember pleasant dinners and evening parties at that house before the waltz was permitted or the polka the fashion.

Old Kean was in New York that winter. He acted in a small theater in Anthony Street which belonged to General Lewis. Time has never effaced the impression produced on me by his acting. I never could bear to read Lear after I had seen him represent the character.

Young ladies at that day were usually introduced into society by appearing at the City Assemblies. These were subscription balls given at the City Hall. No one was permitted to subscribe who had not been invited to do so by the managers,

who were generally the heads of the most respectable families in town.

The Grecian costume, then the fashion, was becoming only to the *tailles sveltes et élancées*; consequently, flannel skirts were an abomination, the tortures of tight-lacing were endured with heroic fortitude, and pickles and vinegar were more popular than oatmeal and cream. India-rubbers were not yet invented. The pale-faced nymphs walked on the Battery in open-worked stockings, kid or satin slippers, and a costume that in other respects suited the delicacy of their *chaussure*.

It gives me pleasure to compliment my countrywomen upon the improvement in their appearance since they have adopted a healthy diet and a comfortable style of dress.

For many years the society of New York was particularly indebted to the late Dr. David Hosack and his family. The science, the literature, the fashion of the

country were always to be found in his drawing-room, together with the *élite* of the foreigners who visited our shores.

Genuine hospitality, charity that overflows wherever it is needed upon the rich as well as the poor, always has been, and will be, as long as any of the race survives, the characteristics of the Hosack family.

It would be difficult to do justice to the lovely character of the one who has so lately passed from among us. Who can number his good deeds? He has left a place vacant which can hardly be filled in his circle, never in his family.

In 1824 the Marquis de Lafayette made his triumphal journey through the United States. A steamboat was taken off the line and placed at his disposition in New York, and he and his suite proceeded immediately up the Hudson and paid General Lewis a visit at Staatsburgh. A collation was ready for them; and after remaining

with us a few hours, he returned to the steamboat, which was in waiting at the General's private dock, and we were all invited to join his party and accompany him to Clermont.

When we arrived abreast of the Rhinebeck landing the steamboat was hailed by a rowboat. The captain stopped, and Colonel Henry Beekman Livingston, who had been the colonel of Lafayette's regiment, was assisted up the side of the steamer. Lafayette received him as he placed his foot on the deck. The old men fell into each other's arms, and there was not a dry eye in the crowd.

At Clermont a *fête* to the tenantry, a ball to the gentry, and fireworks, were in preparation to celebrate the arrival of Lafayette. A rainy afternoon interfered with the out-of-door amusements, but the dance was a success.

Before any one was allowed to take the floor, the band played, and Lafayette gave

his arm to Mrs. Montgomery. They opened the ball by walking twice around the room. The dancing then commenced.

The supper-table was set under the orange-trees in the greenhouse. My seat was next to George Washington Lafayette. He was a grave, middle-aged man, and looked more like a German than a Frenchman.

In the evening we were a little disturbed by a deputation from Hudson requiring that Lafayette should be given up to them, as if he had been a State prisoner. They wanted their share of the guest of the nation. General Lewis, who was on the committee who had taken him under their protection, was steady in his refusal, and secured for the veteran a quiet sleep, which he greatly needed.

I place here two of the letters addressed to General Lewis from Lafayette after his return to France :

"LA GRANGE, *December 29th*, 1828.

"MY DEAR FRIEND :—I have been happy to hear from you by the arrival of Dr. Greenhow, and hope before long to have the pleasure to see him. He is in town, and I expect an answer to my inquiries after him, so that, either at La Grange or in Paris, before the opening of the session we shall soon have an opportunity to converse about you and your dear family.

"The great Presidential contest appears to be over. I had no doubt of your feelings at the excessive rancour to which the spirit of party has been roused. Abuses on both sides are not wholly credited abroad; but suppose one-tenth of them is adopted abroad, it is a great deal too much. A plain and even severe discussion on the fitness of candidates for any, and particularly the highest, public office is very proper; it is even necessary. So is electioneering excitement; but more time

has been diverted from public affairs, and the privilege of canvassing has been carried much farther than I could have wished, principally on this European shore, where everything is taught that may lessen the dignity of Republican institutions.

“Public prints inform you of the state of affairs in Europe. Russia, England, and France are united to give independence to Greece, but with very dissimilar feelings; the first is grasping at power, England is jealous of her, and of Greece too, with respect to commercial concerns. Public opinion in France is more than generous, and the measures of her Government have been in this instance liberal and disinterested. Russia has met more resistance than I had anticipated, so great is the power of a national voice, however ignorant and ill-trained, when opposed to regular armies, who hitherto had no opportunity to avail themselves in general battles of the superiority of their tactics.

Negotiations are very active to obtain a peace this winter.

“Independent Greece will, I fear, through the influence of England, be more limited than had been contemplated in France.

“Be pleased to present my dear Mrs. Lewis with the most affectionate regards of an old friend who has loved her from the time of our young days at Albany through a very long period of years, and whose profound attachment to her will last to his last breath. Present me most affectionately to all the family, to our excellent friends, Colonel Fish and family.

“George has lately attained the situation of a grandfather. He and Mons. le Vallière, who leaves me to become a partner in the library trade, request to be gratefully and affectionately remembered.

“My best wishes accompany you, my dear sir, and I am, with all my heart,

“Your affectionate friend,

“GEN. MORGAN LEWIS,
“New York.”

“LAFAYETTE.

"PARIS, *August 8th*, 1830.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your kind letter announcing the arrival of your friends and beloved granddaughter was delivered only on the eve of their departure from Paris. I was myself at La Grange, and my first care on a trip I took at the same time to town was to call upon them. They were gone to Switzerland, where I had contemplated to write, when a most impudent attack upon what remained of Liberty in France roused the Parisians to arms. What part my good fortune and popular confidence has enabled me to act, you will find in the papers.

"Our victory has been complete. It has appeared to us Republicans that, *every circumstance considered*, the establishment of what may be called a Republican Monarchy was the best guarantee we could give to the liberties of the people. Duke D'Orleans has accepted the crown

from the national voice. My keeping the situation of Commander-in-Chief of the French National Guards will place me in Paris when the travelers return, and I will be most happy to see them. Remember me most affectionately to your dear lady and family; to our comrade Fish and family most cordially.

“ Your friend and brother soldier,

“ LAFAYETTE.

“ My son is well. Le Vallière has been dangerously wounded. We have since yesterday hopes of his life.”

About the time that our Independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, Charles Wilkes, John Church, William Constable, John Jacob Astor, and John Delafield came to the United States. Their character and business ability contributed not a little to the dignity and prosperity of their adopted country. Mr. Charles

Wilkes I had the pleasure of knowing personally, and a more amiable and accomplished gentleman never adorned our society. John Delafield had in his possession a copy of the treaty of peace, which had not yet been officially acknowledged.

The tidings caused great joy in the city, and post-horses were dispatched to the neighboring towns with the good news.

Since thirteen of the descendants of General Lewis now bear the name of Delafield, my biography of him would be incomplete if it did not contain some account of the Delafield family.

John Delafield, my father-in-law, sailed for the United States in the British letter-of-marque *Vigilant*, and landed in New York the 5th of April, 1783. He brought with him a considerable sum of money, married an American lady, Miss Ann Hallett,* went into business in New York, and,

* Ann Hallett was a daughter of Joseph Hallett, who served with Francis Lewis several times on Committees of Safety.

somewhat to the disgust of his English relations, became an American citizen.

He was the feudal head of the family, and appears to have been a great favorite with his connections. We have packages of the most affectionate letters addressed to him, through a series of years, by his brother and sisters, entreating him to return to them with his wife and children ; several of the latter accepted the invitation, and were kindly received by their English cousins. He himself never left the United States ; why he came at all, and why he expatriated himself forever, no one knows with certainty ; it is one of the mysteries which women solve by supposing an affair of the heart.

A ruined castle in a pass in the Vosges mountains, not far from Colmar in Alsace, still bears the name de la Feld, and was for centuries the residence of the race. They had large possessions in Alsace and Lorraine, and are frequently mentioned in

the chronicles of the local wars of those countries.

· Previous to 1533 there were some state-ly monuments to two of the Counts de la Feld in the Cathedral of Strasbourg; a perpetual chantry was also founded in the Cathedral, with a pension of two marks per annum to celebrate daily service for the repose of their souls, and those of their ancestors. The Croix d'or de la Feld, their ancient badge, is still the coat-armor of the family. Those who are curious in genealogies, I refer to Burke's "Commoners;" to his "Landed Gentry," and under the head of foreign titles to his "Peerage."

· Hubertus de la Feld, who was the first emigrant to England from Alsace, received a grant of land in the second year of William the Conqueror.

Burke traces the family by their inter-marriages, by their conveyances in land, by their quarterings, from father to son in

direct descent, in the eldest male line, from this Hubertus to John Delafield, who emigrated to America. When he left England, the family there consisted of Joseph, his younger and only brother, and three sisters. Two of these ladies died unmarried; the third, Martha, became the wife of William Arnold, Esq., of Slatwood, Isle of Wight, and was the mother of Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby (by many considered one of the ablest, as he certainly was one of the best, men that England ever produced), and of Lydia, the beautiful Countess of Cavan.

Joseph married Frances, daughter of Hervey Christian Combe, Esq., of Cobham Park, in Surrey, for many years member of Parliament; he was the founder of the house of Combe, Delafield & Co., who at one time supplied half the British Empire with beer. He had several children; the eldest, Joseph, is the only one who has left descendants; in connection with his

brother William, he carried on the brewery, and greatly added to their already enormous wealth. Their brother John married Lady Cecil Pery, daughter of the Earl of Limerick. He took orders, assumed the German title of Count, and finally went over to Rome.*

* The Delafields owe their German title to the gallantry of John Delafield, from whom the founder of the American family was descended in the sixth degree. He took arms under Prince Eugene; distinguished himself at the battle of Zenta, where, with his own hands, he captured a Turkish standard, and was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire with remainder of the title to his descendants, male and female, of his name. He was also granted the privilege of placing his arms on those of the Austrian Empire.

The eldest son of the soldier remained in England; the second, Count Leopold, was the father of the Counts de la Feld in Germany, now extinct in the male line—in the female line they are represented by several families, in one of whom was a Cardinal. When I was in Berlin a friend showed me the "Dictionary of the Counts of Germany," published as the "Companion of the Gotha Almanac;" there I found the three branches of the Delafields, the English, the Italian, and the American, carried out accurately to the two marriages of the late John Delafield, of New York; the first with his cousin, Miss Roberts, the second with Miss Harriet Tallmadge, and the names of his children.

Joseph, the grandson of the first founder of the brewery, married an Italian lady of rank, and settled in Italy; he left two sons, who were lately living in Naples with their mother. Another descendant, Edward Thomas, devoted himself to music, attempted to maintain an opera-house, and was a bankrupt in less than two years. He retired to Brussels, where, in connection with a friend, he took a small apartment. They were much liked by the English residents, who constantly assembled at their house to play cards.

I return now to John Delafield, my father-in-law. He was successful in business, and was considered the richest capitalist in the State, at the time when the Berlin and Milan decrees swept our commerce from the ocean. After paying every demand made upon him, he devoted the moderate competency that remained to the education of his large

family, seven of whom were sons. How far he succeeded, the public has already decided. Their record is closed.

A friendly intercourse was maintained between the American Delafields and their English cousins, until the death of William Delafield, about four years ago, in London.

Two lads at school are at present the only male representatives of the Delafield family in England. Should they have no inheritance in land, the name will no longer appear on the pages of Burke's "Commoners of England."

Emigration does not suit the genius of the French. France is to them the world, and they are not long happy out of Paris. Mademoiselle Silvie de Grasse, daughter of the Admiral, Count de Grasse, who commanded the French fleet on our coast in the war of the Revolution, was a remarkable instance to the contrary. She passed a long life among us, honored and beloved.

In the Reign of Terror, the fury of the Parisian mob was directed against the Count de Grasse; they surrounded his hotel, prepared to pillage and destroy the building. Three of his daughters were thrown into prison. The *concierge*, who had been at one time in the service of the Count, assisted them to escape. He wrapped Mademoiselle Silvie in a carpet, carried her in safety through the crowd, who took him for a *sans culotte* making off with his booty. Notwithstanding their falling fortunes, the house of de Grasse had some faithful friends; they conveyed the young girls to the sea coast, and put them on board a vessel bound for Boston. They were utterly penniless; a sailor asked Silvie to make him a shirt; in her days of prosperity she sometimes spoke of the mortification she felt when compelled to receive and be grateful for the one dollar which the kind-hearted seaman gave her in return for the labor of her hands. In

Boston, Mlle. de Grasse, in connection with her sisters, opened a school. Congress, as a recognition of the services of their father, gave them a pension, and they were able to maintain themselves in comfort until the marriage of Mlle. Silvie to Francis Depau, one of the most able and successful of our foreign merchants, made them independent of personal exertions.

In her mature age she went to Europe with her husband, then a millionaire, accompanied by one of her handsome daughters and by my sister Mary, afterward Mrs. William Lowndes. She was received with open arms by the family and connections of her father, with whom she had always maintained a correspondence. The party had, both in Paris and in Rome, what young ladies call a "splendid time," and my sister had an advantage rarely enjoyed by a foreigner of seeing the chateau life of the *haute noblesse* of France.

Madame Depau had the regular features

and the unconscious dignity of air and manner which we like to suppose an attribute of high birth. She was at the same time so timid that she rarely spoke without blushing. The marriage of her daughter Caroline, who was remarkable for her beauty, with Henry Livingston, of the Manor of Livingston, and of her daughter Sylvia with my brother, Mortimer Livingston, made me well acquainted with her; and she was always, in my opinion, the model of a lady.

In 1835 Louis Napoleon Bonaparte visited New York. He was introduced to General Lewis, and became a constant visitor at his house. The General at that time was deaf, and did not know how loud he sometimes spoke. The prince had been dining with him, and after dinner adjourned with the rest of the party to the drawing-room. My grandfather said to a gentleman near him: "What do you think

of this young Bonaparte? He seems to me to be a very clever fellow."

Napoleon was at that moment close behind him, and appeared both pleased and amused at having obtained so unsuspected an evidence of the General's good opinion.

We all agreed with the General in liking him and thinking him clever, but none of us saw the star that led him to the imperial throne.

Different branches of this extraordinary family—Napoleon III. himself; the Duc de Morny, his brother, the brain of his cabinet; Joseph, the ex-King of Spain; Jérôme, the exiled King of Westphalia—seemed always to take pleasure in showing attention to the descendants of General Lewis.

The last of the imperial family whom I knew personally was the Prince de Musignano, who was a well-bred and well-educated young man.

In speaking of those foreigners who

brought letters of introduction to General Lewis, and who were entertained at Staatsburgh and in Leonard Street, I only mention those whose names are historical, and who may on that account interest my readers.

Almost every season the General invited some of his grandchildren to accompany him, either on a pleasant excursion, or to visit a fashionable place of resort. Once he arranged a party large enough to fill a stage coach, and took us on what was then called the grand tour; that is, we visited Canada, taking Niagara on our route, and returned by the way of Lake Champlain, Saratoga, and Lebanon.

This was before the days of railroads; and although we changed our horses every fifteen or twenty miles, it was a fortnight before we reached the frontier.

The General allowed us to stop where we pleased, and as long as we pleased, at

the pretty villages and lovely lakes in the center of the State.

At Buffalo I stood on the edge of the aqueduct, a canal-boat floating next to me, the Falls of the Genesee below me, listening to the hum of a busy town. Large trunks of fallen trees, which sometimes supported bales of goods, still encumbered the streets. The town had risen in the wilderness as by the wand of an enchanter.

The first visit to Niagara River and to the Cataract is an epoch in one's life to be remembered, not to be described.

I felt for the first time at Montreal that I was in a foreign country. The market was in an open place; provisions were brought to town by Indians and squaws in carts drawn by dogs; the houses, the language, the costume, everything was new.

At Quebec we were received with great hospitality by my father's English cousins,

the Sewell and Smith families. Chief Justice Sewell, one of the most attractive and intelligent gentlemen I ever met with, had married Miss Harriet Smith, the daughter of the late Chief Justice of Canada. She was my father's first cousin through both her parents, besides being his intimate friend. The Chief Justice and herself insisted upon our dining with them when not otherwise engaged. Through their kindness we were immediately made acquainted with the best circles of the place. At a military post my grandfather had only to be seen to be appreciated. We were entertained at the Castle by Lord and Lady Dalhousie, and had every reason to be satisfied with our reception.

Quebec is a healthy place, and a favorite station with the officers of the British army. Many of them belonged to the aristocracy, and were consequently not a little flattered by the civilians. I doubt if

a garrison in a provincial town ever improves either the morals or the manners of the inhabitants.

At Lebanon, my grandfather was surprised and interested at recognizing among the Shaking Quakers, a German gentleman, whom he had known as an officer in our army. Probably in his old age he had found himself penniless and alone, and had joined the joyless Shakers for the sake of a home.

At the end of six weeks, we were again at Staatsburgh, more than satisfied with our excursion.

The General, as well as my father, believed in the value of real estate in the island of Manhattan, and he had early invested in town lots; when he lived in Leonard Street, he found occupation and interest in improving his unproductive property. He built rows of houses in Church Street and West Broadway. He put up several blocks of houses in the

eastern part of the city, besides stores in Maiden Lane. It gives me pleasure to say, for the credit of his descendants, that this property is still essentially in their hands.

In 1832, his house at Staatsburgh was burnt to the ground, a misfortune scarcely compensated for by the opportunity it gave him to indulge his taste in building. We believe that some wretches from the opposite shore took advantage of the breaking up of the ice to cross the river; first plundered the house and then set it on fire. The outbuildings shared the same fate. The house was large and completely furnished; we looked upon it as our home, and what we most valued was there. The General's library, and the collections of books which several of the family had made for themselves, were entirely destroyed, as well as the contents of the well-stocked wine cellars. The loss could never have been more felt; the Asiatic

cholera was approaching, and we were without a refuge. The weather that season was delightful ; the sky perfectly serene ; the beauty of the heavens seemed to mock our anxiety. It was hard to believe that a deadly pestilence was lurking among us. We remained in New York until there were cases of the disease in Leonard Street ; we then went to some of our friends who had invited us to spend the summer with them : my grandmother to her sister, Mrs. Garrettson ; the General, with the greater part of the household, to Grasmere, then the home of my father's brother, Peter R. Livingston. Before the end of the season I accompanied my sister, Mrs. Rawlins Lowndes, and her family to the General's lake, in Delaware County, where my eldest brother had been established for some years. The General occupied himself that summer in building another house at Staatsburgh, on the site of the old one. The plan was drawn by my mother, and

the result was a really handsome country house, more convenient than the first ; yet I do not think that any of us are as fond of it as we were of the ugly mass of red bricks in which, with one exception, we were all born.

It was a pleasant incident in the life of General Lewis, that in his old age he was present at the marriage ceremony of one of his own grandsons, with a granddaughter of his old friend, Lieut.-Governor John Broome, who in 1804 was his associate in the State government. Lieut.-Governor Broome was born in the United States, but on his father's side he was of English descent ; he had one brother, Samuel Broome, his senior.* Like General Lewis, he had no connections in this country, and he was not related to any of the families that bear the same name. His mother, Marie de la

* Samuel Broome married Miss Nugent, niece and adopted daughter of Admiral Sir Peter Parker, who commanded the British fleet upon our coast.

Tourette, was descended from an ancient Huguenot family in La Vendée. A threefold cord is not easily broken, and strength and endurance are the acknowledged results of the union of different nationalities.

The French Huguenots form an important element in our national life ; they came in great numbers to escape the persecution that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, bringing with them the vivacity, the amenity, and the sensibility of the Latin race united to the high principle and generous devotion to duty which was the result of their Bible training. In the descendants of the English and Scotch emigrants, with whom they intermarried, we often find graces and accomplishments which soften the severity of their sterner virtues.

A genealogist following the branches of the family tree, that with wearisome precision leave the parent stem, will sometimes happen upon a touching incident as

unlooked for and as much out of place as the wild flower that occasionally steals its way through the crevice of a city pavement. In La Vendée, not far from the coast, are still visible the ruins of the Château de la Tourette. In the reign of Louis XIV. it was the house of Count Eugène de la Tourette and his young wife. It is well known that the Lords of la Vendée were rather the fathers of their people than their masters. Their innocent and useful lives exemplified all that was ennobling in the feudal system without any of its abuses. The Edict of Nantes was revoked. The Count was informed that his name was on the list of the proscribed—that he must be wary; that an unsuccessful attempt to escape would cost him his life. He affected perfect security, and gave a large entertainment, to which all the neighboring gentry were invited. When the gayety was at its height the Count and Countess stole from the banqueting hall,



their Huguenot Bible and their jewels concealed about their persons. They made their way to the sea-shore, and went on board a vessel bound for Charleston, which was there to receive them. The ship was cast away on Staten Island, and there the Countess gave birth to her daughter, Marie de la Tourette.*

For a time we lose sight of these interesting emigrants, but we can not doubt that their career was honorable and prosperous ; when they next appear upon the stage, the little waif thrown by such a strange fatality upon our shores, is the wife of a gentleman of position — the

* A branch of the family still survives in France, which adheres to the Catholic faith. The only female descendant is the superior of a convent, and its feudal head is, or was, very lately, Prefect of Aix la Chapelle. A few years since one of the race came to this country in the hope of obtaining the family Bible, the records of which would have enabled the Huguenot descendants to recover property which had been confiscated after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Unfortunately the Bible could not be found.

mother of a son who deserved and obtained a high place in the Republic. In all probability John Broome was educated in New York; he studied law in the office of William Livingston, the patriotic Governor of New Jersey. He was diverted from his intention of devoting himself to the bar by his brother, an English importer, who prevailed upon him to go into business with him as his partner. The Revolutionary war broke out, Broome joined the patriots, and served them consistently and well. He was a member of the Committee of Safety, and was afterward elected to the Provincial Congress. When our Independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, he made New York his home, and paid both the principal and interest of the debts he had contracted in England before hostilities commenced. A nation that produces such men is prepared for self-government.

Mr. Broome was an Alderman of the

city of New York, City Treasurer, President of the New York Insurance Co., President of the Chamber of Commerce, and for six successive years Lieut.-Governor of the State. He always belonged to the Republican party, at that time emphatically the national party, and contributed not a little to the election of Thomas Jefferson. Lieut.-Governor Broome married Rebecca Lloyd, of Lloyd's Neck.* This marriage connected him with several of the best families of the country, particularly with the Woolseys, who are as distinguished for their talents as for their virtues. Those who have read the "Songs for the Soldiers" will bear witness to the truth of what I say. Sarah, a daughter

* Lloyd's Neck is a promontory projecting into the Sound between Cold Spring and Huntington, containing about 2,000 acres, and was created into a manor in 1684. It came into the Lloyd family by the marriage of James Lloyd, of Boston, with Grizzle Sylvester, who owned the greater part of the tract; the rest he obtained by purchase.

of Lieut.-Governor Broome, became the wife of Mr. James Boggs, for many years President of the Phoenix Bank, and highly esteemed for his character and his business abilities. Mr. Boggs left two daughters; Mary, the wife of the late Richard Ray, and Julia Augusta, married to Lewis H. Livingston. Julia, another daughter of Lieut.-Governor Broome, married Lieut.-Colonel John Livingston, a great-grandson of the second proprietor of the Manor, Philip Livingston. Colonel John Livingston entered the United States army early in life, served in the engineer corps, and was engaged in selecting sites for forts on the Mississippi River, when its shores were but a wilderness. He afterward resigned his commission, entered into business in New York, in partnership with the Hones, and later with Mr. Boggs. In 1812 he re-entered the army, and served as Lieut.-Colonel. At the close of the war he purchased a farm on Lake Ska-

neateles, and received a premium for the best cultivated land in the county. He was appointed marshal of the northern district of New York, and held this office from twenty-four to twenty-seven years, when he resigned it. He returned to New York City, and died there in his 84th year.

In collecting materials for this short notice of Lieut.-Governor Broome, I became acquainted with several curious and interesting traditions of the families of Lloyd and Boggs. May we not hope that whilst it is still possible, some modern Cooper worthy of the task may collect them and give them to the public ?

General Lewis became a Mason early in life. In 1831 he was unanimously elected Grand Master, and continued in office for the rest of his life.

It is well known that some obscure and unprincipled individuals had by their conduct excited a strong prejudice against the

Order ; indeed, the clamor against it was so great that many of the fraternity regarded the institution as doomed to destruction.

It is not my plan, even if I had the necessary information, to trace the different stages by which, under the Grand Mastership of Morgan Lewis, the society rose from a condition of mere existence to the position that it now occupies ; its enemies divested of their animosity, its treasury replenished, and the Order pursuing a career worthy of its ancient lineage and in harmony with the spirit of the age.

In 1834 Mrs. Lewis was taken from us in the 76th year of her age.

She and my grandfather had been married fifty-five years. It was the first death that had occurred in our numerous family. My grandmother had had several slight strokes of apoplexy. The effect they produced upon her character was extremely touching. They increased her

natural sensibility and her anxiety for those about her. If you locked your door, she was miserable lest the house should take fire and you could not escape ; if you went out, she was in terror lest you should lose your way.

When in health she had what may be called a capacity for happiness, that sort of happiness that, to my fancy, Adam and Eve enjoyed before the fall ; the happiness of loving—the delight in natural objects.

She was with us at dinner when an allusion was made to a death by apoplexy. She observed : “ My family all die in that way.” The words were scarcely uttered when she fell back in her chair, and expired within three days.

In the evening, after her funeral, we were sitting around the General in the dining-room, when he said, as if speaking to himself rather than to us : “ If any woman ever loved her husband, she did.”

In one respect my grandfather differed

from most people advanced in life; the infirmities that diminished his enjoyments made him more anxious for the happiness of those about him. Lord Byron says that avarice is a good old gentlemanly vice. There was one old gentleman to whom his sarcasm did not apply. He one day said to my mother: "Margaret, I only value my estate on your account; you know what you and your children want better than I do. My agent will in future pay the city income into your hands. What the country property produces will be enough for me to play with." That being done, he asked no questions as to the manner in which his income was spent.

This liberality was not the effect of apathy; to the last he preserved the energy both of his mind and body. At night, when he could not sleep, he would rise and read or write for hours. His deafness, as years advanced, rendered it difficult for him to enjoy society. This

was a great privation, for his vivacity made him fond of conversation ; but it did not lessen his equanimity. We were very unwilling that he should walk alone, as he could not hear the rolling of the carriages. When we entreated him to allow a servant to accompany him, he would smile and reply : “ Do not be afraid ; everybody takes care of me.” That was true. He was one whom his countrymen delighted to honor.

In his devotions, which he often uttered aloud, he was constantly heard to express his thankfulness to God for His infinite mercies ; he would say, “ I know that He who has taken care of me for ninety years will not desert me now.”

He requested his family that when he died they would lay a green sprig upon his left breast ; this request was understood by his friends when they saw the same emblem deposited on his coffin by the hands of the Masons. His spirit re-

turned to God on Sunday, the 7th of April, 1844, in the 90th year of his age.

At the time appointed for the funeral, the officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the military of this State, the Society of the Cincinnati, the Clergy, the Judiciary, the Corporation of the city of New York, the Grand Lodge, and a numerous concourse of citizens accompanied the remains of General Lewis to St. Paul's Chapel, where the service for the burial of the dead was performed according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church ; after which, upon a signal from the acting Grand Master of the Masons, the fraternity moved in procession round the bier, deposited the emblem of immortality, and united in the last silent supplication to the Almighty Father of the faithful. " Peace to the soul of the hero " was then sung.

The corpse was removed by the family on the following day to Hyde Park, in compliance with the request of the Gen-

eral, that he might be buried by the side of his wife.

At the time of his death General Lewis was President of the Historical Society, President of the Order of the Cincinnati, and Grand Master of the Masons.

The biography of General Lewis properly terminates with his funeral rites ; but as long as my mother lived, it seemed to us that he was not entirely gone. Those who knew her will forgive me if I devote a few pages to the last years of her life. At the time of the death of General Lewis, my father was suffering from a nervous complaint that made any prolonged mental effort impossible, and from which he never recovered. The burdens, therefore, that the care of property, and the interest of a large family necessarily entail, fell upon her. Few men could have performed the task more skillfully. She was not far from seventy when the pleasure of directing the transplanting of some forest

trees kept her until late in the afternoon upon her grounds. The result was a heavy cold which fell upon her limbs. She could neither walk nor rise from her seat without aid; she could not even lie down—she slept supported by pillows; her hands she could still use, although they swelled and gave her pain. Nevertheless, she always rose at her usual hour, dressed with her accustomed care—even the little slippers of bronzed kid were not forgotten—and had herself placed at her work-table. The first hour she gave to her devotions; she then attended to her business and her correspondence. She had a light basket-chair made and placed upon rollers; seated in this chair, she was wheeled to the piazza, and from the piazza by means of an inclined plane into her carriage. In her daily drives she would call upon her agents, hear what they had to say, and give her directions. In her house in Washington Square, where she then resided in winter,

she descended by an elevator to the basement floor, where, with the aid of her wheeled - chair and inclined plane, she could enter her carriage and recruit her spirits as well as preserve her general health by taking the air. She continued in this state several years, sometimes suffering great pain, always the extreme of discomfort ; and never ceasing to exert herself to the utmost that her strength would permit. Once at Staatsburgh her basket-chair upset, and she was thrown out. Once in Washington Square the elevator descended too rapidly, and gave her a jar that might have been followed by serious consequences ; on both occasions she preserved her self-possession, ascertained what had occasioned the accident, guarded against its recurrence, and took her drive as if nothing had happened. When finally her strong constitution began to get the better of the disease, her recovery was slow, but steady, and by

the time she had completed her seventy-third year, she was able to walk on a level, assisted by an arm and a crutch. She was then prevailed upon by one of her daughters to accompany her to Europe. She visited Paris, traveled through England and Scotland, enjoyed the jaunt as much as if she had been only twenty, and returned home perfectly well, with the exception of a slight lameness.

It had been always a source of regret to my mother that there was no place of public worship within walking distance of Staatsburgh, and she determined in her old age that she would supply the want herself. When the building was finished, the clergyman in whose parish she lived, wished it to be consecrated immediately. My mother found that in that case the chapel could only be used by the clergy of the Episcopal Church ; she therefore decided that it should continue to be merely a place of public worship, open

to all denominations, until the neighborhood was able to maintain a resident clergyman. She knew well that it is only among the Baptists and Methodists that one can find, with certainty, hardy missionaries who will expose themselves to the storms and ice of winter, the bleak winds of March, for the sake of preaching to a few unlearned men and women of the working classes. The result proved that she was right; winter after winter Baptist and Methodist ministers taught the Word of God to an earnest, and often a full congregation of plain people, and the building was never closed. By degrees a village grew up around the chapel, the railroad station, etc., and now, at the request of the congregation, the modest building is a consecrated Episcopal Church, with its own resident clergyman. My mother's European jaunt appeared to have given her a new lease of life. We hoped to have kept her with us as yet many years,

when symptoms of a disease of the heart made their appearance. The physicians from the first gave us little hope. The last evening of her life she passed as usual in her family, spoke of her approaching end, told them that her faith in the Saviour was unclouded, and that the fear of death was gone. She expired on Friday, the 28th of September, 1860, in the 81st year of her age.

APPENDIX.

^ Washington.

APPENDIX.

AT the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of George Washington, in the city of New York, General Morgan Lewis, at the request of the Committee of Arrangements, delivered the following oration.

Nothing new, as the General himself observed, could be said in praise of George Washington; nevertheless the oration ought to be preserved as an evidence of his own views and sentiments.

There are not many men who at the age of seventy-eight would have succeeded as well.

ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: We are assembled here within the hallowed walls of this

sacred fane, to celebrate with grateful hearts the first centennial anniversary of him who is emphatically and justly styled "the father of his country ;" an endearing appellation, which every generous feeling of an American bosom fondly associates with the illustrious name of Washington, and will transmit in union with it through all succeeding ages. In compliance with the request from the gentlemen to whom the arrangements for the day have been committed by the fathers of this city, I have assumed a task, always difficult of performance, and in the discharge of which few have been successful since the days of the younger Pliny.

The more exalted the character that is the subject of eulogy, the less likely is the eulogist to do it justice, to satisfy himself, or to reach the expectations of his hearers.

The Roman orator had for his theme, the virtues and achievements of a Trajan ;

he who addresses you those of a Washington. The advantages of the former are that he was in the prime of life ; endued by nature with a fancy brilliantly vivid, and adorned, by study and forensic exercises, with an eloquence lofty, flowing, chaste, and almost unrivalled. His performance also was unique : a rich, unrifled parterre was spread before him, where mortal foot had never trod, nor mortal hand had plucked a single flower : all were reserved for the chaplet which he wove to decorate his patron's brow.

Not so the latter ; he, on the contrary, has reached the valley of by-gone years ; has traveled on his downward path of life so far beyond the ordinary limits of human existence as to approach the verge of that period when the strength of man is but labor and sorrow.

Whatever of imagination he may have had, the ruthless hand of time has swept away. His subject, too, has been exhaust-

ed in discourses, elegies, and orations from pens far more able than his own. The rich harvest has been gathered by youthful laborers, and the gleanings alone remain to the enfeebled hands of age.

If that Dread Power which governs and directs the destinies of man, commits on great occasions the execution of its high behests to mortal arms (a truth established by history, sacred and profane, and the accordance of nations, savage as well as civilized), can Christians doubt that Washington was the especial gift of Heaven to his suffering country, for her deliverance from oppression, and her advancement to that high and honorable station among the nations of the earth to which she has attained? That for these signal purposes he was conducted in safety through the pains, perils, privations, and other hardships of war, and shielded against the secret machinations of internal foes ; for, from the common lot of elevated station,

when adorned with merit and talents of the highest order, even he was not exempt. The envenomed shafts of envy, malice, and detraction were levelled at his fair fame, but fell innocuous and wounded it not.

The precepts and example of a worthy sire had early in life implanted in his youthful breast the soundest principles of morality and Christian faith, "which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." His temper was by nature quick, and his passions strong; but by strict and constant discipline, brought into subjection to his reason and judgment; and thus subdued, excited him to naught but deeds of high renown. His heart was warm and affectionate, his attachments firm and enduring, and his resentments disarmed by the slightest contrition. In his manners dignified, without austerity; polite without affectation, easy of access, mild and affable in his intercourse with stran-

gers as well as friends; giving confidence to timidity, and dispelling restraint without diminishing respect. Of a temperament cheerful and social; convivial, though abstemious; assiduous and laborious in the discharge of his duties, he was rigid in the exaction of similar observances from others. In stature he was tall, his form and mien noble, his frame large, well-proportioned and athletic; his physical powers great, and his mental vigor adapted as well to civil as military pre-eminence.

When possessed of fortune by the liberality of an elder brother of the half-blood, who, at his death, bequeathed him the valuable estates of Berkley and Mount Vernon, his beneficence expanded with his means. Poverty and destitution became objects of his peculiar regard; and when the sons and daughters of affliction were presented to his view, "his pity gave ere charity began."

But it is not in such ephemeral gratuities

alone that we are to seek for this noble trait of character. It has been stated by one who knew him well, and had long resided in his neighborhood, that he made large annual provision for clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and sheltering the houseless head "from the peltings of the pitiless storm."

Is this, it may be asked, a sketch of fancy? It is not. Whence, then, the materials from which the portrait has been drawn? From authentic documents in part, but principally from personal observation while serving under his banner. He had formed an early intimacy with the father of the author of this essay which time matured into mutual friendship. This in after years obtained for the son many flattering attentions and an intercourse from which he derived much aid in delineating the character of his country's saviour and his father's friend.

To test the faithfulness of the picture

presented to you, a brief biography of the original may not be unacceptable; for should it afford nothing new, it may recall to mind some past events of grateful recollection.

George Washington was the eldest born of a second marriage, his father having two sons by a former wife. At the age of ten years, having lost his father, he was placed at a country school, where he acquired a knowledge of English grammar, history, geography, and the rudiments of mathematics. At fifteen he quitted school. His patrimonial estate, consisting of a small plantation on the Rappahannock, in which his mother (who lived to see him in full possession of his military and civic honors) had a life interest. He turned his attention to his future course of life and determined to enter the navy. A midshipman's warrant was procured for him, and he prepared for sea. An appointment of private surveyor to Lord Fairfax, who was

a large landed proprietor, changed his intention. In this employment he acquired an extensive knowledge of the interior of the country, and greatly improved the strength of a constitution naturally robust.

Of an enterprising disposition, in the winter of 1753 he traversed the dreary and inhospitable wilds of the north as far as the head waters of the Alleghany, bearing a remonstrance from the Governor of Virginia to a French commander against his encroachments on the British territory.

The following year first developed his military talent. The French aggressions continuing, at the head of 300 provincial troops he marched to gain possession of the intersecting point at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, intending to erect on it a fortress, and make it a place of arms.

On his way he surprised and captured, at a place called the Little Meadows, a French detachment under the command of

Mons. Jumonville, who lost his life in the affair. At this place he was reinforced by two independent companies, the one from New York, the other from South Carolina, and continued his march to the Great Meadows, where, understanding that his enemy had anticipated him by erecting a fort called Duquesne on the spot he intended to occupy, he halted and threw up a stockaded breastwork, which he called Fort Necessity from the circumstance of his disappointment.

Having completed his little fortress and garrisoned it with twenty men, he proceeded toward Fort Duquesne with the intent to reduce it should it be found practicable. His progress was arrested by the Count de Villiers, at the head of a much superior force. He was compelled to retire within his little intrenchment with 300 men, the remainder having deserted him.

With this little band he resisted a spirited attack from ten in the morning

until nightfall, when his assailant, having lost 200 men, gave him an honorable capitulation, permitting him to retire with all the honors of war, his arms and military munitions, to the interior of the colony.

The succeeding year is signalized by the unfortunate campaign of General Braddock, in which Washington served as a volunteer aide to that officer, having also the command of three companies of Virginia rifle rangers.

The object of the expedition, like that of the preceding year, was the reduction of Fort Duquesne. Within a few miles of it some Indian trails were discovered. Washington's proposal to scour the woods with his rangers was indignantly rejected by the General. A heavy fire was received from a foe in ambush, which, had the proposition of Washington been accepted, would not have occurred. The troops fell in every direction ; and at length the General, himself mortally wounded,

his regular aides disabled, directed Washington to order a retreat, and to cover it with his rangers. He gallantly executed the order. Two horses fell dead under him, his clothes were perforated with balls, his hardy rangers were reduced to thirty men, but his person was uninjured, and he joined in safety with the remnant of Braddock's forces the reserve of 800 men under Colonel Dunbar at Fort Cumberland.

In contemplating the events of these two campaigns, the dangers of the first, and the disasters of the last, may we not, without incurring the reputation of fanaticism, avow our belief that they furnish additional evidence of the Divine protection of him who was intended for the liberator of his country and the founder of her Republic?

In consequence of Dunbar's having immediately after the action withdrawn his force, still amply sufficient to have secured a successful issue to the campaign, the

wretched inhabitants of the frontier were again exposed to the incursion of a barbarous and savage foe.

Though just arrived at the age of manhood, all eyes were turned to Washington ; all voices hailed him as protector. Virginia created him Commander-in-Chief to all the forces raised and to be raised in that colony, and immediately dispatched him at the head of scarcely 700 men to cover a border of 360 miles. He instantly marched, formed a chain of posts with small garrisons throughout its vast extent, and having previously selected a corps of those best fitted to endure fatigue, he in person ranged the whole line night and day for three successive years, never halting two nights in succession on the same ground.

In representing some of the scenes which in the course of this service he witnessed, one shall be stated, with his reflections on it, as containing from his own

lips a declaration of his religious faith, which some have dared to doubt.

In a private communication to a friend he described the massacre of a mother and her two infants, and closed in the following terms: "To see these poor innocents, these little unoffending angels, just entered upon life, and, instead of fondest sympathy and tenderness, meeting their hideous deaths, and from the hands of brothers too, filled my soul with the deepest horror of sin; but at the same time inspired a most adoring sense of that religion which announces the Redeemer, who shall one day do away man's malignant passions and restore the children of God to primeval love and bliss. Without this hope what man but would wish he had never been born?"

At the close of the campaign, 1758, General Forbes, having taken possession of Fort Duquesne, the name of which he changed to Fort Pitt, in honor of the then

British Minister of that name, the French and their savage allies retired from the frontier. The peace and security of the inhabitants of his native colony, the object of his five years' exertions in the field, being thus attained, he laid down his military appointments, retired to the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate* on his favorite estate of Mount Vernon, employed his time in practical husbandry, assisted as a Member of the House of Burgesses to make laws for the colony and dispense justice under them from the Bench of Common Pleas of his county.

Soon discovering in his retirement the truth of the sacred apothegm, "It is not good for man to be alone," he united in holy wedlock with the widow of the deceased John Custis, a lady of fortune and a perfect model of female excellence. Holy indeed was the union of two such kindred souls. Strengthened by mutual affection and esteem, it endured for more

than forty years, and until death dissolved it. But destiny denied to Washington the long enjoyment of domestic ease; the clangor of war again broke on his ear. The embattled legions of his country were marshaled on the field, and her confiding voice called on him to assume again the helmet and the spear, to unfurl her banner before her gallant sons, and to lead them to glorious victory in the sacred cause of liberty and the rights of man.

With modest diffidence, but with patriotic zeal, he obeyed the call. With a magnanimity unobscured by even the shadow of interest he declined all compensation for the services he was about to render. The only meed he claimed was the honor of protecting his native soil from the ruthless incursion of an infuriate foe.

On that ever memorable day which proved to Britons on Bunker Hill that Americans were as brave as they, and that the sons were worthy of their sires,

Washington received the commission of Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United Colonies and the forces raised and to be raised for the defense of American liberty, accompanied with an assurance from the representatives of the members of the confederacy that they would adhere to, maintain, and assist him with their lives and fortunes in the cause.

He instantly repaired to his army before Boston, and in general orders of the 3d of July, announced his assumption of the command.

Historians and orators of the present day, who delight to describe "the battles of the warrior, and garments rolled in blood," are also fond of searching among the archives of antiquity for an archetype of their hero. Thus have we seen our Washington compared with Epamiondas, with Fabius, with Marcellus, and other chieftains of the olden time. In vain do they seek a parallel; for while he possessed

the virtues of each, he was liable to the defects of neither. In private worth and military accomplishment he rivalled the victor of Leuctra, and the deliverer of Thebes; but he was free from disobedience to the institutions of his country. In combining the qualities of prudence, caution, and vigor, he vied with the wary opposer of Hannibal, the gallant subduer of Liguria and Tarentum; but he never avoided battle where the advantages were clearly on his side, nor did he despoil the vanquished. Is the correctness of the comparison doubted? Look at the retreat from this island, and his offer of battle when he had gained a commanding position at the White Plains, the advantages of which were so apparent that the combat was declined by his pursuers. Does doubt still remain? Cast an eye on his retreat through Jersey to the west bank of the Delaware, cautiously avoiding action until his enemy had divided his forces. He in-

stantly recrossed the river, braving the combined opposing elements, cut off his right wing at Trenton, and by a judicious, circuitous movement, gained his rear at Princeton, and subjected it to a like fate. In constancy and perseverance he resembled the victor of Syracuse, to whose untiring exertions the philosophic father of mechanic arts was forced, after three years successful opposition, to succumb with loss of life. Of the moral defects of this chieftain, as the most celebrated orator and the most admired historian of the Augustan age disagree as to facts, nothing should be said except, perhaps, that Washington was his superior; in leaving, on this point, "no hook to hang a doubt on."

To follow our hero through all the mazes of the Revolution would require volumes; suffice it then to say, that in action he was cautious and brave; in discovering the movements and designs of

his enemy, vigilant, and not often mistaken. In his plans of campaign judicious and accurate. In reconciling dissensions, and removing discontents, generally successful; always in effecting his object resorting first to mildness and persuasion, and never to force till they had failed. Under privations and sufferings incident to camps, patient and submissive; in adversity, never dejected nor desponding, and in prosperity never improperly excited, nor manifesting great exhilaration, the same equanimity predominating on all occasions. It is said, that in two or three instances he lost in action his self-command, and exposed his person improperly; judging from effects, the opinion will be found incorrect; the military axiom, that "chiefs direct while subordinates execute," must be abandoned where circumstances not only justify, but make it a duty for a chief to expose his person in battle. Such often occurs where the command consists of raw, undisci-

plined troops, as was the case with Washington in two of the instances alluded to. The effect was in each a rally; a check of the enemy in one, and his total defeat in the other. But on no occasion did his dignified composure and calmness of temper shine more resplendent than when faction reared its grizzly front, seeking his removal from the command of the army. With the causes of its origin perhaps no man this day living is acquainted, save him who now states to you the fact. The seeds were sown at Cambridge as early as March, 1776, by those who owed their military existence to the partiality of him whom they wished to destroy. It was for a time confined to a small circle in the army, until the Convention of Saratoga gave rise to comparisons between the issues of the northern and middle campaigns.

It then penetrated the legislative halls of two of the States, and from these found

its way to the Councils of the Patres Conscripti of the Union. Wrapped in the mantle of conscious integrity, he calmly permitted the storm to rage. The battle of Monmouth gave it a check, and it finally expired when the laurels gathered on the heights of Saratoga, withered and perished on the plains of Camden. Peace at length succeeded to glorious war, but brought in its train doubts, apprehensions, and various opinions as to its consequences. The army at that moment was better appointed and more efficient than it had been at any period of the war. Some who believed that the States had been kept together by a sense of common danger alone, feared the dissolution of their Union, and urged the General-in-Chief to keep his troops embodied until an efficient government should be secured. Vain was the attempt; he could not be induced to depart for a moment from the strict line of duty. He restored his authority to the

source whence it sprang, and disbanded his troops without compensation for their services, saye the clothes on their backs and the arms in their hands. It was all their Government had to give. In this destitute condition did these gallant defenders of their country wend their weary way to their long lost homes, there to cohabit with their unwelcome inmates, poverty and distress ; and yet so sacred did they hold the parting advice of their beloved Chief, that not a single trespass is known to have been committed by them on their disconsolate journey.

A new epoch now commenced. The imbecility of the Confederate Government, if Government it may be called, became daily more apparent, and the issue was dreaded. The wisdom of the nation at length gave us one more efficient, better calculated to preserve our Union, and to found on a rock our national character and existence. Washington, by the unanimous

voice of his country, was placed at its head, and for eight years discharged the duties of Chief Magistrate as successfully as he had for a similar period those of Commander of our Armies; thus refuting the theory of the present day, that a finished education is essential to the constitution of an able general or an accomplished statesman, or that the two characters may not be united in the same person. But I must no longer abuse your indulgence. Toward the close of the eighteenth century terminated the mortal existence of this first of patriots and best of men, leaving to posterity a reputation unsullied by even the breath of suspicion. He died as he had lived, placing his trust in his God, and humbly resigning himself to His divine will. Truly might he have said with the psalmist: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

THE following letter, addressed by my father's grandfather, James Livingston, to Robert Hunter Morris, Governor of New Jersey, is the only complete and authentic record that we possess of this Indian raid upon Saratoga :

“ ROBERT HUNTER MORRIS, ESQ^{rs},

“ Chief Justice of the Province of N. Jersey & Tinton.

“ NEW YORK, *Dec^r 9th*, 1743.

“ D^r SIR :—I have rec'd your favour, with a Cheese, by y^e boatman, for which we return you thanks. Your packet of Letters are come too Late. Crugant and Brasier are both sail'd for London last week, but Cap^t Waddell is in Loading and purposes to sail by the 20th Instan. to whom shall deliver them without fail. The news you had of an Alarm at Albany is partly true ; it happened on Sunday Morning 4 o'Clock the 17th Last month that a party of French and Indians to the number of 640 did at one instant fire all the houses

and barns, saw and grist mills with the fort (in which was no living creature) at Saraghtoga. Each house being surrounded by a sufficient number to effect their design ; the number of Settlements by them destroy'd are 17 and the number of souls missing at that Place are 90. Amongst the Missing are 64 Prisoners and the remainder kill'd or burnt in their houses, among the kill'd is Cap^t. Philip Schuyler, son to old Co^{ll}. John Schuyler ; he was shott in his house as he defended himself. The Prisoners are chiefly Slaves whom they reserv'd and kill'd but one old wench who I suppose cou'd not travell in the manner they do. 4 Blacks made their escape of which 3 belong to my mother.* I compute her Loss to be £1000, and some of her neighbors more. Not a Single building of what kind so ever has escap'd the Conflagration, excepting one of my mother's

* His mother was Margaretta, wife of Robert Livingston the nephew, and daughter of Peter Schuyler.

saw mills, which had also been fir'd but extinguished of itself; they kill'd every Living Creature that they met with from Horses down to Hogs, at some of the farms there was nothing left alive but a few fowles. We have an exact Acc^t of the Enemy's behavior by 2 Prisoners who made their Escape two days after they had been taken. Our Governor has sent the 2 Independ^t Companies from here to Albany, and our Militia keeps watch in the fort; our Assembly have rais'd money to rebuild the fort at Saraghtoga and to keep 100 Albanians there on pay and 200 men more go from Albany Volunteers to cover the Labourers whilst the fort is a building. Had the fort been built of Proper Materials (I mean of Stone) and a hundred Soldiers posted in it I dare say nothing of this Invasion wou'd have happened, but the Enemy, the Indians, know as well as we do when the men which ought to be our guard, are recald from the fort and Left to

be a prey to them who have nothing but destruction in View. Under foot you have the Particulars now sent p^r your boat. The box of pipes I expected from London have not receiv'd ; being my Orders were in the Britania and miscarried, at which time M^r Ashfield orphans Lost their entire Stock. My Mother and wife Joyns with me in wishing you health and happiness and remain, D^r Sir, your ob^t humble serv^t,
" JAMES LIVINGSTON."

As I have already stated, General Lewis had no relations in America, the family of one brother excepted. The history of those among whom he lived belongs, therefore, to his biography. An accident prevented the following notice of my father's brother-in-law, the Rev. James Francis Armstrong, from appearing in its proper place in my narrative. I therefore insert it in this Appendix.

James Francis Armstrong was born in April, 1750, within the province of Maryland; received his classical and theological education under Dr. Witherspoon, in whose family he resided; graduated at Princeton in 1773; was appointed by Congress chaplain of the Second Maryland Brigade, and remained in the service until the end of the war. He was present at the battles of Monmouth, Brandywine, and Camden. When peace was restored he established himself at Trenton, where he was for thirty-one years the minister of the Presbyterian church.

In the marshes of North Carolina he contracted a rheumatic disease from which he never recovered. His tortures increased as he advanced in life; but great as they were, they could not conquer his patience. No one ever heard a murmur from his lips. Of his wife it is enough to say that she was worthy of her husband. She was ten years older than my father,

whose infancy she had tended with a mother's care, and to whom she was devotedly attached. Dr. Hall, the rector of her church, who knew her well, and saw her every day, in a sermon preached immediately after her death, gave a sketch of her character as true as it was beautiful. About the same time there appeared a notice of her in a Philadelphia magazine, edited by the Rev. Cortland Van Rensselaer, from which I make this extract: "This venerable lady, who died at Trenton, New Jersey, had attained the age of 92 years and 6 months. Her family name was Livingston, a name that, though eminent in this country and Scotland for its connection with worldly rank, derives its highest lustre in the esteem of the Christian from its association with a long line of godly persons, including several useful ministers in the Presbyterian and Dutch Churches."

Two of the children of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong are still with us ; they live,

surrounded by troops of friends, in the house in which their mother died. One of them, a few years since, celebrated her ninetieth birthday. They were dearly loved by my mother, and their visits to Staatsburgh are among the pleasant recollections of my girlhood. The setting sun shines brightly on their old age, whilst the east is reddening with the dawn of Paradise. Their lives recall the text, "No good thing will He withhold from those who lead a godly life."

In my first volume the farm on which my cousin, Miss Garretson, resides was called Brier-cliff instead of Wilder-cliff,* the name by which it is known.

On the shore of the Hudson, which is the southern boundary of the estate, there is a flat rock on which, fifty years ago, was still distinctly visible an engraving repre-

* The Cliff of the Wild Men.

senting two Indian warriors, the one armed, the other without weapons, and something in his attitude seemed to denote good-will. No doubt this rude emblem was an historical record of the termination of some Indian war. The action of the ice and the waves at high tide have obliterated the lines of the engraving ; the record and the race have perished together.

This letter from Judge Robert Livingston to his wife, Margaret Beekman, has only lately come into my possession :

“NEW YORK, *Thursday, April 27th*, 1775.

“MY DEAR:—I wrote you in haste a letter the other day, since which the town has been in a continual bustle enquiring into the Boston news, of which we have not yet a certain account, but it is clear now that the army has had a beating and retired in great haste with a greater loss than I have mentioned ; as everything is printed it is not worth while to write news.



People here are perfectly fearless, I mean the Whigs, and the Tories turn Whigs so fast that they will soon be as much united as they are in the Massachusetts Colony. I shall come up as soon as I can, but must endeavor to get some cash first. How long matters will remain in confusion I cannot tell, but be assured the American cause, from all appearance, will be victorious. Let us place our confidence in the Governor of the Universe, to whose protection I commend you.

“Your most affectionate husband,

“ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

“I told you I was sent for by the Governor. I thought then he might ask our advice about your proposition—of some persons, and was prepared to tell it would be in vain at this time—but it seems it was only to allay the fears of some persons who begin to quake, by engaging by our persuasion to allay heats.”

The Judge evidently intends that this postscript shall be understood only by his wife. The reader will observe that this letter was written fourteen months before the Declaration of Independence, and that the writer was still a Judge of the Supreme Court under the king, although an acknowledged leader of the patriots. The probability is that the Governor wished, through him, to negotiate with the American party.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

In the war of the Revolution a friend of Mrs. Robert Livingston (Margaret Beekman) made her a present of a century plant; as long as she lived she kept it in her drawing-room; after her death it was inherited by Mrs. Montgomery, who left it, with the rest of her property, to her youngest brother, Edward Livingston. His only child, Mrs. Barton, was its last owner. In 1873 this cherished tree of four genera-

tions gave indications that it was preparing for the hour of its glory and its grave. Several yoke of oxen were employed to drag it to the front of the conservatory, the roof of which was taken off to make room for the stem, which, in a wonderfully short time, shot thirty feet in the air, and was soon covered with blossoms.

Mrs. Barton had invited her connections and some of her friends from Washington to visit Montgomery Place at the time when this vegetable wonder should be in bloom. The preparations were made ; she had retired to rest, cheerful as those usually are who look forward to making others happy. Presently she called for assistance, and said that she was dying. A disease of the heart had run its course, and her hour had come.

She expired before a physician could be procured. The guests invited to the fête came to the funeral. The flowers of the century plant withered, its trunk decayed.

It perished with the line that had watched over it for a century.

Mrs. Barton and myself had been intimate from girlhood. I was deeply touched when I found that she had left the fee of Montgomery Place to my son, Maturin L. Delafield.

THE UPPER TEN.

WRITTEN IN 1857 BY JULIA DELAFIELD.

WHAT is the upper ten, and how is it to be distinguished from any of the other tens? These questions, although often asked, still admit of discussion. If we were allowed to give an opinion we would say that rank is determined by the comparative, not the actual, advantages the parties may possess. Wherever there are some more distinguished than others by the gifts of nature and fortune, there are the elements of the upper ten. Legislatures may decree absolute equality of condition ; they will find at last that this is one of the cases in which the laws of nature are stronger than those of printer's ink and parchment.

The division of classes has existed in all

times, and traces of it can be found in all places. On the old Southern plantations the inherited negroes were the upper ten ; those newly acquired, the base blood. If the soil of slavery is favorable to the growth, not only of an aristocracy, but of an aristocracy of birth, tell me, if you can, where it will not flourish.

The rules by which the charmed circle may be detected are simple and of universal application. When the members of a class never offer any apology or explanation for being found among its ranks, that class is the upper ten. The circle to which a stranger never objects to be presented belongs to the upper ten ; the circle which every one admits to be the best, next to his own, is decidedly composed of the upper ten. The line of separation is more easily passed in our republic than in the empires of the old world, but it is as distinctly marked. This fact has sometimes been doubted, because there are always numbers

mingling familiarly with those of the highest class who nevertheless are not of it. Like the mixed multitude who followed Moses out of Egypt, they go in and out of the camp, but they are not the children of Israel.

We will not now inquire how the tickets for transient admittance are obtained; the holders themselves are a fidgety, comfortless race, who deserve our sincerest commiseration. From the moment of their precarious promotion they bade farewell to all repose of spirit. They dare not be themselves, and they can not forget themselves. Like the novice of the dancing-school, they are intent upon their toes, their elbows, their positions. Their courtesy wants dignity, and whenever they dare, they are impertinent. Where they are not well known they affect extreme fastidiousness; they complain of the mixture of society, and will tell you gravely that the Faubourg St. Germain has become decidedly plebeian.

Although there is a marked difference between the physiognomy of the interlopers and of those who are at home in the higher latitudes, still it requires some familiarity with the genuine article to recognize the counterfeit at a glance. The thorough aristocrat is very easy under his honors; like a man who is always well dressed, he is quite unconscious of a Sunday coat. Another of his characteristics is his single-minded, inbred conviction of his position. In his inmost soul he no more questions it than he does his identity, and he would as soon argue with you on the one point as on the other. If you can not perceive it for yourself, it is your affair or your misfortune. This persuasion of social superiority certainly implies neither education, talent, good breeding, or benevolence, but it gives the fortunate possessor of any of these qualities great advantage in availing himself of them. A soldier throws aside his cloak before he goes into

battle ; the supposed necessity of maintaining a doubtful position is yet more embarrassing than the cloak, as it trammels the mind as well as the body. The veritable Simon pure does not own the article.

Although the upper ten, like any other large family, has its family air, in which all the members, whether tall or short, black, brown, or gray, inevitably partake, yet it is by no means homogeneous. Everywhere you will find it split into two great factions, to say nothing of smaller and more ephemeral divisions. The first of these consists of persons who have derived their position more or less remotely from their ancestors ; the second, and with us by far the most numerous of those who have fought the battle of life, and come off victorious, these are nature's aristocrats. Their descendants may, or rather will, plant the family tree upon a grave ; they date from their own flight from Mecca. These two parties, although admitting

each other's pretensions, and often closely allied, are nevertheless in perpetual hostility. It is amusing to hear them charging each other with precisely those qualities for which they deserve consideration. The first exclaims, "How new he is!" the second, "How old he is!" The first observes, with a marked elevation of the eyebrow, that he knew him when he was a boy. Like Molière's jealous bridegroom when he saw him in petticoats, he "did not suppose he would ever come to this!" The second is constantly muttering something about old fogysm. He frankly admits that "go ahead" is his motto. In his opinion families, as well as things, wear out, and he plainly intimates that from him a race is to spring that will supplant the degenerate descendants of the fathers of the Commonwealth. He has not reflected that from time immemorial the son of every eminent man is pronounced unworthy of his sire until he also has made

his mark in his generation. Should the opportunity be offered (which does not necessarily happen), and should he avail himself of it, still, as it may always be disputed whether the mark is broad enough, deep enough, or indelible in its character, it follows of course that for the time being the descendants of every distinguished man, and of every long-established family, have degenerated from their ancestors. He who fills the niche left vacant by his fathers must have less than the average amount of sensibility if he is not anxious to transmit his name at least as unsullied as when he received it ; this is no great praise, but it is something. Even the go-ahead man should not be intolerant of the conservative principle in morality. If one party, therefore, lays claim to a time-honored name and an established character, the other can generally boast of enterprise, energy, and a freedom from the shackles of prejudice—they are willing to try all

things, and they certainly hope for all things. If we were looking for a partner in business we would select from among those whom we have just described ; but if we were choosing a companion for life we would feel more secure with one who, from example, habits, taste, and even prejudice, would prefer walking in the beaten track of duty and propriety, to soaring into unexplored regions of adventure and experiment. The aristocrat by birth who does not sympathize with the aristocrat by nature, is unworthy of his age and his advantages ; but we can not reverse the sentence, we must not ask too much of humanity. It is very galling to one conscious of superiority to feel that there is a stamp which often gives currency to the basest metal which can never be impressed upon his own pure gold.

It requires some largeness of heart to forgive a man who possesses an advantage which the wealth of the Indies can not



purchase, which an Emperor can not bestow, and to which genius may not hope to soar. Birth is losing its privileges : it never can lose its prestige.

It must also be admitted that nature sometimes endows the bearer of a name known in the annals of his country, not only with the virtues supposed peculiar to gentle blood, but also with the qualities that entitle the possessor to claim for himself individually a place among those who are princes in their own right. The man so gifted is more than any other distinguished by his fellow-citizens. His prosperity excites no ill-will, for he appears to remember it himself only when there is a claim upon his liberality and his influence. His enemies, if he has any, can not triumph in his misfortunes, for adversity is to him what the clear setting is to the diamond—it throws into stronger light the strength and purity of his character. Even the self-made churl who is disposed

to resent as a personal insult the claim to ancestry in another, is disarmed by the frank courtesy of one in whom he is compelled to recognize the abilities to which he owes his own elevation. We trust that there are many such among us, but we dare not take our examples from the living; their praise might be challenged; envy sleeps at the tomb. The tears are yet falling upon the grave of one who might serve for the original of our portrait.

With the name of Mortimer Livingston we close our essay.

ERRATUM.

On page 122 of the first volume read *Negroes* instead of *Indians*.



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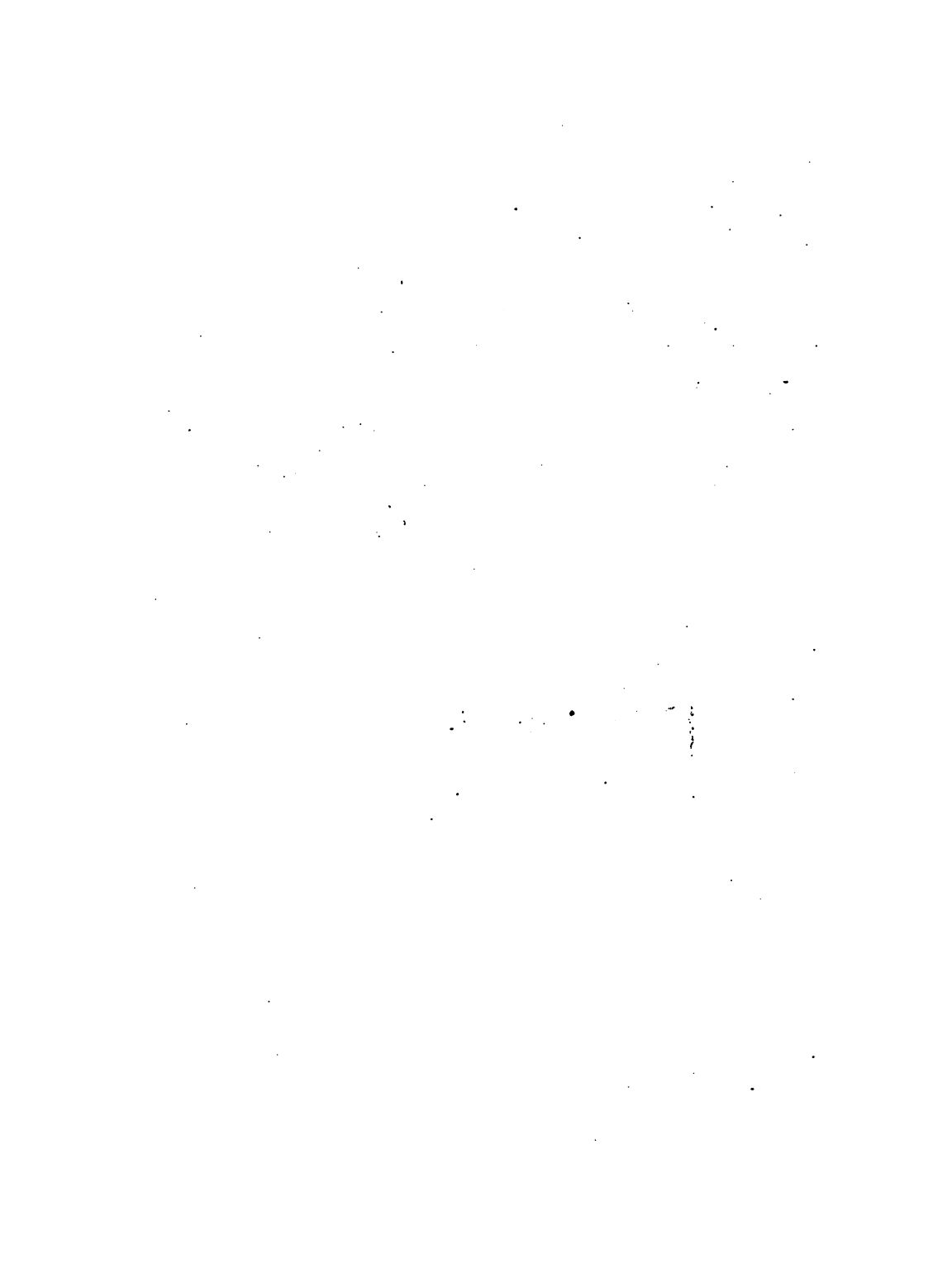
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